The Nation.

July 1, 1991 $1.75 U.S./$2.25 Canada

**********3-DIGIT 070
NAN000013415S 44 17FEB92
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
PERIODICALS
ART ACQUISITIONS CK
EAST ORANGE NJ 07019

EDITORIAL

THE VIDEO WAR COMES HOME

Preceded by the stirring theme music from the movie *Star Wars*, a simulated Patriot missile intercepted a simulated Scud in the skies above New York City's East River. The bizarre aerial ballet was the climax of a fireworks display in honor of the warriors of Desert Storm that had opened with the strains of *Thus Spake Zarathustra*—better known to most Americans as the theme from the movie *2001* (and, appropriately, written by Richard Strauss, one of the Nazis' favorite composers). An observer remembered the story about how Ronald Reagan, who fought World War II exclusively in Hollywood, had told Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir that he had served as a photographer with the troops liberating Nazi death camps. Now all New York City had moved into Reagan's mind: The distinction between movies and life, fantasy and reality, had blurred and vanished.

The Pentagon news managers who brought us the brilliant visuals of the Persian Gulf techno-war—fireworks as beautiful as any designed by the Grucci family, to help us forget that 150,000 Iraqis were actually killed down there—have invented a new concept. There have always been war movies—our former President acted in some of World War II vintage—and documentaries, but this is the first war that has itself become a movie. Videocassettes of war coverage are available from CNN and Britain's Independent Television News for viewers who want to relive those thrilling moments. And now, for the Fourth of July, comes Desert Storm: the Miniseries. From June 30 through July 3, the Arts & Entertainment channel will present one-hour highlights of the fighting. On Independence Day, all four hours will be rerun, along with an hourlong biography of Gen. H. Norman Schwarzkopf. General Sherman had it all wrong. War ain't hell—it's entertainment.

TECHNO-WAR
Louise Cainkar
Eric Hoskins
Erika Munk

70 AND OUT?
John L. Hess

BLACK ANTIWAR MOVEMENT
Brenda Payton

CAN ISRAEL MAKE PEACE?
Hillel Schenker

CHALLENGES TO MANDELA
Chris McGreal

BOYS' OWN STORIES
David Kaufman

TEST OF U.S. AFRICA POLICY

BIRTH PAINS OF A NEW ETHIOPIA

GAYLE SMITH

London

The judgment is not yet in on the wisdom of last month's decision by the United States to endorse the takeover of Addis Ababa by a little-known liberation movement. But whatever the final verdict, the events of late May in Ethiopia will surely go down in history as among the most monumental to take place on the continent since decolonization. In less than ten days, the myth of a country called "Ethiopia" was exploded, a new nation was created and U.S. policy in Africa was turned on its head.

Far from resolving Ethiopia's conflicts, the London "peace talks" convened by the United States on May 27 between the former government of Ethiopia and its main rivals—the Ethiopian People's Revolutionary Democratic Front (E.P.R.D.F.), the Oromo Liberation Front (O.L.F.) and the Eritrean People's Liberation Front (E.P.L.F.)—were a vehicle for engineering a "soft landing" for the political shift that was by then inevitable. Alarmed by the anarchy that descended upon neighboring Somalia with the collapse of the despotic Siad Barre regime late last year, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs Herman Cohen came to London to facilitate a peaceful transition in Addis Ababa. The Ethiopian government delegation arrived in London with little to offer. The departure of Mengistu Haile Mariam—reportedly to Ian Smith's old farm in Zimbabwe—had sent a clear message to his troops: Most decided

(*Cont. on p. 18*)

The Nation. 125

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXCHANGE.

DEATH MADE HARDER TO SEE

Chicago

While I agree with Erika Munk's thesis in "The New Face of Techno-war" [May 6] that techno-war requires fresh thinking about how to mobilize an antiwar movement, I am disturbed by the fact that her article, through its misinterpretations, factual errors and lack of detailed information, may have just the opposite effect. The fresh thinking Munk speaks of must begin with the researcher. If the targeted bombing of a country's infrastructure with minor bombing in civilian areas is a different type of war, then accurate analysis of its effects on a population requires different analytical categories and a different language of description. The context must be approached with openness to the idea that normal methods of collecting information may not work in the current situation, especially when channels of communication have been destroyed. Munk's article is a good example of what happens to an investigator when she has insufficient time, cultural familiarity and historical background to do her job properly, and preexisting expectations of how she should be treated and what she might find. Munk entered Iraq expecting "to find enormous unreported destruction." Yet every previously issued report on postwar Iraq had made it clear that the damage to Iraq lay somewhere else. In the words of U.N. Under Secretary General Martti Ahtisaari, "Nothing we had seen or read had quite prepared us for the particular form of destruction which has befallen Iraq."

I recently spent two and a half weeks in Iraq before, during and after the time Munk was there. I was shocked by what I saw and at first found it difficult to articulate it to the outside world. But I knew that this new type of war was very dangerous and that a new level of inhumanity, brought about by the development of weapons of precision, had been achieved. Munk's article profoundly upset me. Either she was not in the same country as I, or her anger, disappointment and misunderstandings so colored her ability to judge the context properly that they took over and shielded her from seeing the Iraqi people's reality.

Munk mentions that our living conditions in the Iraqi Red Crescent hospital were so good that either her "preconceptions" of need were wrong or this allocation of resources was peculiar. People knowledgeable about Arab culture know that guests receive the best accommodations, and that an Arab family would give their last morsel of food to a guest before feeding themselves. She also failed to learn that much of the food was sent by the Jordan Red Crescent from Amman. She claims that she "was not allowed to go to Basra." This is patently false. A trip to Basra, where I went on Munk's last day in Iraq, takes at least three days to arrange because of the lack of phones and requires a two-day stay because of distance. One also must have sufficient gasoline for the journey. Did her group bring gasoline from Jordan, as we did? The group's schedule was clearly too tight to arrange such a trip. But to say that they were "not allowed" reveals more about Munk's anger toward the Iraqis, which characterizes her entire piece, than it does about realities in postwar Iraq.

Munk says their every move was monitored by the Iraqi Red Crescent yet admits that on each of her three nights in Baghdad she went by cab where she chose. Which is it? I cannot think of a country that I have visited on a "program" where a member of the sponsoring organization did not accompany us while we were on a schedule. This is not to deny that they were monitoring us; they were. But it was also quite easy to move around Baghdad without them. To get around the structure, one must simply try to understand how it works.

To assert that 'overt violence' is not what occurred is to fall into this clean, techno-war trap.

I never saw the traffic jams Munk refers to, except where traffic was rerouted because bridges had been blown up, when gas station lines overflowed into the street, and at checkpoints. But the roads in Baghdad, a city which they used to say had more cars than people, looked relatively empty to me. The two streets bordering our hospital, although they were eight lanes wide and clearly main thoroughfares, had no streetlights the entire time I was in Iraq. Munk says that the main streets were lit at night.

Many of the circumstances Munk describes would have been far more informative to the reader if she had tried to explain the context in which they occurred. For example, she mentions that Dr. Boghossian told them at one point that 150 to 200 civilians died in Yarmuk Hospital during the war, then at another point he told them 100 to 150. Why did he change his story? Is he a liar? Is he stupid? Or could it have been that because the hospital had no electricity for the first two weeks of the war, no water for one month and shortages of medicine and staff that counting bodies seemed a bit frivolous at the time? And why might Iraqis (which Iraqis?) refuse to give a group of unknown Americans a map, even if they "begged for one," after Baghdad had just been pinpoint-bombed for forty-five days by U.S. forces, which obviously had good maps and intelligence?

One of the major changes we must make in our analytical framework when assessing the effects of techno-war is to consider people who have died from infrastructure destruction to be *direct* war victims, not indirect victims, as Munk calls them. To slip into the old language is to do a favor for the purveyors of these new weapons and to lend support to those who claim they actually saved lives. In fact, they changed only the way death is inflicted and made it a bit harder to see. To assert that "overt violence" is not what occurred is to fall into this clean, techno-war trap. Finally, conditions in Baghdad cannot be generalized to all of Iraq. Baghdad is clearly in better shape and was bombed differently from other parts of the country. Munk does not claim to make this generalization. But after reading her article, I wonder if it wouldn't have been more responsible to decide she just did not have enough information to do the reporting she was commissioned to do. I don't deny that there are difficulties, frustrations and corruption in Iraq. Collecting information in a society where possessing information was the privilege of a few is difficult. But it can be done and is the minimum we owe the Iraqi people. *Louise Cainkar, director Palestine Human Rights Information Center*

'EQUALLY AS DEAD'

Amman

Following her four-day tour of Baghdad, Erika Munk would have us believe that conditions are near normal in postwar Iraq. How extraordinary the difference between her perception and my own. As medical coordinator of the Gulf Peace Team, an international, nonpartisan group committed to nonviolent resistance to war, I spent four weeks in Iraq after the war. Most recently, I participated in a comprehensive health assessment mission to fourteen major towns in north and south Iraq.

Till now, I have yet to see the "high-tech, low-gore" war the author refers to in her article. What I did see was hundreds upon hundreds of children weak with malnutrition and diarrhea, many of them emaciated and dying, futilely awaiting the medicine that doctors have not seen since last August. I saw a country that, since the war began, had received in total less than one single day's food requirements from the international community. I saw water, sanitation, electricity, transportation and agriculture all ground to a halt; I saw old men dying in front of emergency departments for lack of medicine, and caesarean sections performed with flies swarming over the incision because windows shattered by bomb blasts cannot be replaced because of sanctions. In short, I saw enough "gore" to last a lifetime.

Articles such as Munk's undermine efforts by those of us who are trying to impress upon the international community that the war against Iraqi civilians is continuing. Disease, malnutrition and suffering exist in Iraq on a

(*Continued on Page 31*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 253, Number 1

EXCHANGE

2 *Louise Cainkar, Eric Hoskins, Erika Munk*

EDITORIALS

1 The Video War Comes Home
3 Alive on Tape
4 Rainbow Signs — *Jamin B. Raskin*
5 70 and Out? — *John L. Hess*

COLUMNS

5 Victory Parades: A Cowboy's Lament — *Calvin Trillin*
6 Minority Report — *Christopher Hitchens*
7 Viewer With Alarm — *Edward Sorel*

Illustrations by Monica Incisa

ARTICLES

1 Test of U.S. Africa Policy: Birth Pains of a New Ethiopia — *Gayle Smith*
8 The Black Antiwar Movement: Looking for a Post-Gulf Role — *Brenda Payton*
11 Israeli Politics: Anyone Here for Peace? — *Hillel Schenker*
15 Challenges in the Ranks: Mandela Tries to Stay Out Front — *Chris McGreal*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

21 All in the Family — *David Kaufman*
26 Poetry Sampler — *Esther Iverem, Anne Babson Carter, Chris Llewellyn, David Jauss, MaryJo Mahoney, Arthur Smith*
29 Theater — *Margaret Spillane*

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editors*, George Black, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editor*, Micah L. Sifry; *Literary Editor*, Elsa Dixler; *Associate Literary Editor*, Art Winslow; *Poetry Editor*, Grace Schulman; *Managing Editor*, JoAnn Wypijewski; *Copy Chief*, Roane Carey; *Copy Editor*, Judith Long; *Assistant Copy Editor*, Anne-Marie Otey; *Assistant to the Editor*, Dennis Selby; *Interns*, Ely Brown, Andrew J. Cohen, Colin P. Curran, Adlai S. Hardin, Matt Hern, Laura Lester, Amy Lowrey (*Washington*), Andrew L. Shapiro, Charles Williams.

Departments: *Architecture*, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art*, Arthur C. Danto; *Dance*, Mindy Aloff; *Fiction*, John Leonard; *Films*, Stuart Klawans; *Lingo*, Jim Quinn; *Music*, David Hamilton, Edward W. Said, Gene Santoro; *Theater*, Thomas M. Disch, Moira Hodgson; *Bureaus*: *Washington*, David Corn; *Europe*, Daniel Singer; *United Kingdom*, E.P. Thompson; *Paris*, Claude Bourdet; *Corporations*, Robert Sherrill; *Defense*, Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors*: Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Christopher Hitchens (*Minority Report*), Aryeh Neier (*Watching Rights*), Elizabeth Pochoda (*Reading Around*), Edward Sorel, Calvin Trillin; *Contributing Editors*: Kai Bird, Thomas Ferguson, Doug Henwood, Max Holland, Molly Ivins, Jefferson Morley, Katha Pollitt, Joel Rogers, Kirkpatrick Sale, Herman Schwartz, Michael Thomas, Gore Vidal, Jon Wiener; *Editorial Board*: Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Deborah W. Meier, Toni Morrison, Michael Pertschuk, Elizabeth Pochoda, Neil Postman, Marcus G. Raskin, David Weir, Roger Wilkins. *Editors at Large*, Richard Pollak, Katrina vanden Heuvel.

Manuscripts: The magazine cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless accompanied by addressed, stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Arthur L. Carter

Associate Publisher and General Manager, Neil Black; *Associate Publisher and Advertising Director*, Chris Calhoun; *Classified Advertising Director*, Gary Pomerantz; *Business Manager*, Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers*, Ivor A. Richardson, Shirleathia Watson; *Art/Production Manager*, Jane Sharples; *Production*, Carlos Durazo, Sandy McCroskey; *Vice President and Circulation Director*, Margaret Pyle; *Subscription Manager*, Cookee V. Klein; *Receptionists*, Greta Loell, Vivette Dhanukdhari; *Data Entry and Mail Coordinator*, John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary*, Shirley Sulat; *Nation Associates Coordinators*, Peter Rothberg, Peter Siskind; *Permissions and Back Issues*, Josh Neufeld; *Publicity and Special Projects Director*, Peter G. Meyer.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. © 1991 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation*, P.O. Box 10763, Des Moines IA 50340-0763. *Subscription Price*: 1 year, $44; 2 years, $75. Add $18 for surface mail postage outside U.S. Missed issues must be claimed within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 4-6 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $4 prepaid ($5 foreign) from: *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *The Nation*, P.O. Box 10763, Des Moines IA 50340-0763. This issue went to press on June 13.

EDITORIALS.

Alive on Tape

It's hard to comprehend now how frightened the Nixon crowd was about the antiwar protest movement, the McGovern campaign of 1972 and even *The New York Times*. Knowing full well the magnitude of American economic and military power (greater, relative to that period, than in the year of Desert Storm), Nixon's Attorney General, John Mitchell, stood on the balcony of the Justice Department apprehending the throngs assembled for the Vietnam Moratorium of November 1969: "It looks just like a Russian revolution," he muttered to a bunch of buddies he might well have done time with some years later in prison.

But it wasn't a revolution. As the Buffalo Springfield song "For What It's Worth" had it: "Paranoia strikes deep/Into your life it will creep." Although the general pressure of the period certainly contributed to Nixon's downfall, he was done in primarily by his paranoia. It crept into his life and into CREEP (the Committee to Re-elect the President, the *Ursprung* of Watergate), and it drove otherwise savvy politicians to order break-ins, to compile lists of enemies, to launder payoff money, to conspire to cover up and perjure and do what it took to get indicted and, almost, impeached.

The panic attacks that seized the White House with increasing frequency in those days are evident once again in the latest batch of tape recordings released by the Nixon archives. In sixty hours of conversation (almost half of which has never

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been heard by the press or public) the old Nixon shows himself egregiously crude, mean and mendacious. He talks with Chief of Staff H.R. Haldeman about using Teamster "thugs" to break up demonstrations and smash protesters. He is anti-Semitic, perhaps his dominant prejudice and one that is curiously disregarded in reviews of the many low points of his reign: "Aren't the Chicago Seven all Jews?" he asks at one point in the tapes, as if that were enough to seal the case against them. He is terrified that J. Edgar Hoover will "pull down the temple with him, including me" if he fires the F.B.I. director. He is worried that his aides might "crack" and implicate him in the Watergate crimes. He calls journalist Joseph Kraft, the liberal Kennedyite, "practically an agent of the communists," and he believes that *The New York Times* is engaged in a "conspiracy" against him. If the newspaper could receive "stolen" documents and print them as the Pentagon Papers, why couldn't someone steal documents from the Democrats in their Watergate Hotel office? "They give Pulitzer Prizes for publishing stolen documents," he argues.

Now, even paranoids have enemies, and before long Nixon was besieged. Hoover never spilled the beans (Nixon was worried about illegal wiretaps, *inter alia*), but Nixon's aides cracked (chief among them his counsel, John Dean), the newspapers bore down (not the *Times*, as it turned out, but the hometown rag, *The Washington Post*) and no one bought the idea that it was a noble deed to break into offices and steal documents.

Nixon was a mixed curse. In many ways he was an imaginative President, and not an illiberal one compared with his successors. He was no more loony or autocratic than Lyndon Johnson. It took him some time and thousands of lives lost, but he accepted the inevitability of America's deserved defeat in Vietnam. He slowed the cold war arms race and fostered détente. He was the last President to extend significantly the range of social welfare programs, and the last one to make demands on business (a price freeze) in time of economic distress. But as the tapes show, he corrupted the presidency and he ruptured, perhaps forever, the compact of confidence between the White House and the public. And he was, despite his fervent denial, a crook.

ELITISM AT THE 'TIMES'

Last Sunday, 87 percent of Georgian voters cast their ballots for Zviad Gamsakhurdia and independence from Moscow. On the same day, Saudi fundamentalists petitioned their King to broaden participation in government.

The proliferating number of American Savonarolas who preach democracy as the salvation for U.S. foreign policy surely will rejoice at the news. The general sentiment is terrific, but its application at this time in the Soviet Union and the Middle East is highly questionable.

—Leslie Gelb, "The Free Elections Trap"
The New York Times, May 29

The vote, which some members likened, unsmilingly, to perestroika, granted members a modicum of choice when electing directors to the council's board. Until the vote, council [on Foreign Relations] elections were run Soviet style, with only one candidate a seat.

Yet even before the change was approved, an unusual frisson of competition had intruded on this year's election. . . . One member, Stephen F. Cohen, director of the Russian studies program at Princeton, is running as an insurgent. . . . Mr. Cohen said he decided to "test the system" . . . by availing himself of a rarely used rule that allows candidates to propose themselves for nomination. . . .

The wave of democracy that has swept through the council did not sit well with all its members. "I was satisfied with the old autocratic system," said Leslie H. Gelb, a columnist for The New York Times and a member of the council's nominating committee. "If directors have to run, they risk the embarrassment of losing—the elites don't like to be elected, they like to be the elect."

—"Slowly, Democracy at Council on Foreign Relations"
The New York Times, June 9

Rainbow Signs

When the Democratic Leadership Council met on May 6 in Cleveland, Jesse Jackson was not invited, and he got mad. But Jackson swallowed his pride and killed the Democrats-Lite of the D.L.C. with kindness last weekend at the National Rainbow Coalition conference. The assembled faithful came looking for hope in the form of a political Robin Hood, someone to reclaim the government from its Republican owners. But Jackson chaperoned only a number of confused-looking potential D.L.C. contenders through the crowd, including Senator Al Gore, Representative Richard Gephardt and Paul Tsongas, whose surreal campaign theme is that Democrats are not sufficiently "pro-business." The registrants saved their enthusiasm for Senators Tom Harkin and Paul Wellstone, Ralph Nader, United Mine Workers president Richard Trumka and, of course, the Left Reverend himself, all of whom struck a radical populist chord.

The Democrats' missing political energy was present here. Toney Anaya, former governor of New Mexico, called for a new progressive populism and blasted the D.L.C. for its rightward free fall, pointing out that Jackson in two successive elections had demolished all the D.L.C.-type candidates. Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas, the leader of Mexico's Party of the Democratic Revolution, who attacked the Mexican "fast track" free-trade agreement as an attempt to drive down wages and the environmental and labor standards of both the United States and Mexico, called for a hemispheric summit on trade to raise workplace and living standards. After Cárdenas, Gephardt's collaborationist statement that he was "willing to give the President the chance" to negotiate a good agreement was met by giggling incredulity in the crowd. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sleeper hit of the conference, Iowa's Senator Harkin, argued that the agreement provides only a "fast track for American businesses to get to Mexico." Citing figures of 5 million to 10 million child laborers in Mexico, Harkin said there should be *no* trade with any nation that permits child labor.

Richard Trumka brought the crowd to its feet when he said, "The word 'quota' is Bush's answer for everything. If you ask the President how he feels about the fact that he just spent billions of dollars on a war that killed 150,000 people and the Kurds and the Shiite Muslims are living in misery and Saddam Hussein is back in power, he just says, 'I will veto any quota bill the Democrats send me.' " Some people still argue with Bush on the merits, he said, but only because they miss his meaning. " 'Quota' is a code word," he said. "The President is really saying, 'I like quotas, some of my best friends are quotas, I just wouldn't want to live next to a quota.' " Trumka finished, red-faced: "Quota politics is racial politics is racist politics is antiworker politics. It's got to stop."

Trumka's speech provides a glimpse of a 1990s populism that could transcend the racist politics that ruined working-class populism a century ago. But if the conference showcased Jackson's unique ability to bring activists together across racial lines, it also exposed the organizational weakness of the progressive movement, Rainbow included. Seven years after Jesse first ran for President, we still have no national political structure to advance a progressive program or progressive candidates. The interracial political solidarity evinced at the conference is America's best hope, but a winning program remains somewhere over the Rainbow. JAMIN B. RASKIN

Jamin B. Raskin is a law professor at The American University and former general counsel of the Rainbow Coalition.

70 and Out?

Writing in behalf of the twentysomething generation a while back, an employee of a college library complained in *The New York Times* that the "baby boomers have a long-term lock on the upper levels" of "a job market that is drying up." The baby boomers are by now the fortysomething generation, and we read elsewhere that they have a similar grievance against *their* elders—or so the agitators for a war between the generations would have us believe.

These thoughts come to mind in the matter of Arthur Kinoy, the revered teacher of civil liberties law. Two decades ago, he led a successful defense of the Chicago Seven and the Constitution against Richard Nixon, who claimed that he needed no warrant to wiretap opponents of the Vietnam War. For twenty-six years now, students have come to Rutgers Law School in Newark to learn from him. Dean Peter Simmons calls him "a living legend" but says that the legend, having reached the age of 70, must leave the payroll this June.

Congress banned mandatory retirement in 1986 but granted higher education a waiver until 1993, subject to renewal. The idea was to make room in academe for new blood. That is a plausible notion, enthusiastically adopted by propagandists against the elderly. In the words of Richard Lamm, lately head of a business-financed agency called Americans for Generational Equity, "You've got a duty to die and get out of the way. Let the other society, our kids, build a reasonable life."

There are a couple of flaws in this argument as it applies to Professor Kinoy. One is that Dean Simmons does not plan to replace him with young blood; he noted that the school was seriously short of money and hadn't hired a new tenured teacher in two years. The other is that the dean doesn't question the ability of Professor Kinoy to carry on—in fact, he invited him to keep his office and to teach some, without pay. The professor and at least half his colleagues think that is not enough, and he is weighing a court test.

The war-between-the-generations school portrays the economy as a zero-sum game, with its fixed resources distributed not among classes but among age cohorts. This fudges the obvious fact that some few in all age brackets are getting more than their fair share, while the rest have been getting less and less. Besides, we are not so richly endowed with experience and knowledge that we can arbitrarily pension the elderly off. Just the other day a middle-aged journalist who addressed an advanced class in political science was taken aback to learn that none of the students had heard of Adlai Stevenson. Adlai's role may be of dwindling importance, but the notion that whole decades of our history may be a blank to tomorrow's teachers is truly alarming. That is why we vote for Professor Kinoy. Long may he serve. JOHN L. HESS

John L. Hess is a veteran New York journalist who refuses to retire—ever.

★

Victory Parades: A Cowboy's Lament

So why no parade for Grenada?
No cheers for the lads and the lasses
Who took freedom's flag to Grenada
And whipped them Grenadians' asses.

We don't take no sass from Iraqis.
We fought them. We gave them no quarter.
We made real short work of them Arabs.
The work in Grenada was shorter.

I love all our troops from the desert.
I'd give them all overnight passes.
But what of the troops in Grenada
Who whipped them Grenadians' asses?

Calvin Trillin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

From the kissing of bottoms to the kicking of bottoms is more than a matter of a mere two consonants, as George Herbert Walker Bush may freely attest. Along that historic path, which connects the smacking, languorous osculation to the ruthless application of the boot, an entrenched habit of deceit has been formed. You might not especially want to imagine it, but picture, if you will, the squirmings and toadyings of the early aspirant and then the appalling struggle to make a lifetime of subjection seem worthwhile. Paste on the untrustworthy smirk in order to give satisfaction as chief of Richard Nixon's Republican National Committee. Then wear the look of bleak, lonely, life-and-death responsibility as Gerald Ford's Director of Central Intelligence. Even after these impostures, an eight-year spell as Number Two (number *two*!) to Ronald Reagan (Ronald *Reagan*!) amounted to a rough sentence. With his damp muzzle clamped, endlessly as it must have seemed, to the derrières of such men, our current President learned to lie doggedly to himself and others.

Favored with no gift of phrase, George Herbert Walker Bush uttered not a single remark that anyone can recall until April 10, 1980. On that day, speaking in his own cause at Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh, he had a little fun at the expense of his rival for the Republican nomination. Ronald Reagan, said Mr. Bush, was a practitioner of "voodoo economics." (I pause to add that the only memorable thing ever said by Bush, before the heroic days of "read my lips," was also the only truthful thing.)

The aptness of the expression, which G.H.W.B. seems to have borrowed from his aide Pete Teeley, was too good for the press and even the Democrats to miss. But after that triumphant moment when the Teheran hostages took wing and Ronald Reagan was inaugurated as Leader of the Free World, G.H.W.B. was back in muzzle city. How could he disburden himself of the consequences of his one moment of truth, lest the repetition of the happy phrase displease his new master? The anxious Vice President had a nephew working at NBC News, and many contacts at other networks. He caused inquiries to be made. Was there any tape or film of him uttering the fateful two words? Minions brought the news that there was not. Accordingly, on February 9, 1982, he roundly told an audience in Houston, TV cameras and all:

> What I said back then—well, it's hard to find. Number one, I didn't say it. Every network has searched for it and none can find it. So I never said it.

As it chanced, Ken Bode, then of NBC News, had no difficulty finding a clip of G.H.W.B. saying "voodoo economics," and so the Vice President was caught in the perfect postmodern lie (no video = no history). Be careful, in other words, of smugly demanding a "smoking gun." You just might get it.

Bush suffered precisely no consequences for this breathtaking bit of falsehood. Nor was he penalized for an exceptional, and exceptionally sustained, period of lying about his part in the Iran/*contra* disgrace. Pages 573-76 of Theodore Draper's history *A Very Thin Line* furnish the most condensed version of Bush's routine mendacity. The best single instance, from the connoisseur's point of view, is provided by Bush's 1987 campaign autobiography, which says that he wished he'd known that "George Shultz and Cap Weinberger had serious doubts, too." As the written record voluminously shows, Bush was present at the high-level meeting in January 1986 where both expressed strenuous opposition.

As Draper dryly notes, Bush has the failing of "denying too much about what he knew." And the too-strong denial, coupled with the rotten memory and the weak character (or do I mean the reverse?), disqualifies him as a truly successful liar.

We come now to May 8, 1991, when Bush at long last is asked if he knows anything about the "October surprise" bargain of treason, whereby, as now seems plain, senior Reaganites came to a private understanding with the Ayatollah about the American hostages in Teheran. His reply betrays all the usual symptoms of panic and irritation: "It's been looked at exhaustively" (oh no it hasn't). "I have my schedule out there" (oh no you haven't). Added Marlin Fitzwater, "At the time this was all looked into" (oh no it wasn't).

For all I know or care, Bush spent October 19-20 of 1980—the dates of his alleged meeting in Paris—in the arms of the tempestuous Barbara. It's just that he and his flacks say, variously, that:

(1) He had lunch with Justice Potter Stewart and his wife at the Chevy Chase Country Club on Sunday, October 19. Justice Stewart is dead and his wife can't remember. At the state-sponsored trial of Richard Brenneke last year, no government witness gave this alibi when cross-examined on Brenneke's allegation that Bush was in Paris. No witnesses to the lunch have come forward, and the F.B.I. says it cannot confirm what the vice-presidential nominee was doing just days before the 1980 election.

(2) Bush had lunch at home, according to the ultraloyalist *Washington Times*, and readied a speech for that night. Dan Quayle says so too. *The Washington Times* ought to check with *The Wall Street Journal*, which equally loyally ran the Justice Stewart story. They can't both be right.

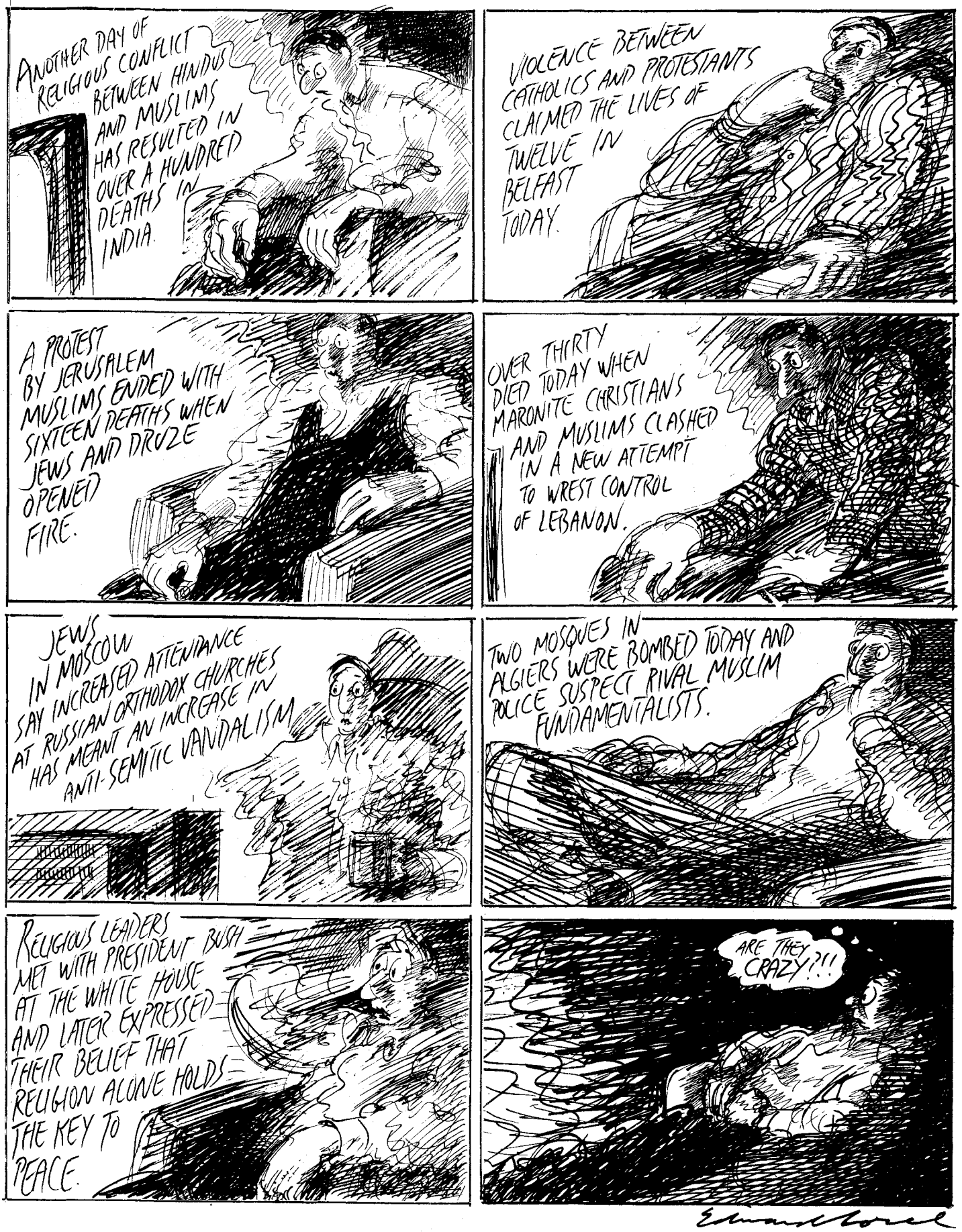
(3) Dean Burch, Bush's campaign manager, says he thinks he played tennis with Bush that day at the club. That Sunday, according to the National Weather Service, it rained.

Other discrepancies multiply with every account of that weekend, when according to fifteen different sources there certainly was a meeting between Reagan-Bush operatives and the Ayatollah's men. The case for believing in an "October surprise" is complete on its own terms, of course, and rests on the testimony of numerous experts, the evidence of electoral foul play adduced during the "Debategate" inquiry of 1984, and the supply of weapons to Teheran in very early 1981. It is not necessary, in other words, to make the case depend on the movements of good old G.H.W.B. I don't choose to believe that he was in Paris myself. But there *is* the damning evidence of his denial. Bush is a specialist at denying meetings he actually attended, speeches he actually gave. Whatever may be the truth, the President is certainly a liar.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Viewer With Alarm

EDWARD SOREL


ANOTHER DAY OF RELIGIOUS CONFLICT BETWEEN HINDUS AND MUSLIMS HAS RESULTED IN OVER A HUNDRED DEATHS IN INDIA.
VIOLENCE BETWEEN CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS CLAIMED THE LIVES OF TWELVE IN BELFAST TODAY.
A PROTEST BY JERUSALEM MUSLIMS ENDED WITH SIXTEEN DEATHS WHEN JEWS AND DRUZE OPENED FIRE.
OVER THIRTY DIED TODAY WHEN MARONITE CHRISTIANS AND MUSLIMS CLASHED IN A NEW ATTEMPT TO WREST CONTROL OF LEBANON.
JEWS IN MOSCOW SAY INCREASED ATTENDANCE AT RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCHES HAS MEANT AN INCREASE IN ANTI-SEMITIC VANDALISM
TWO MOSQUES IN ALGIERS WERE BOMBED TODAY AND POLICE SUSPECT RIVAL MUSLIM FUNDAMENTALISTS.
RELIGIOUS LEADERS MET WITH PRESIDENT BUSH AT THE WHITE HOUSE AND LATER EXPRESSED THEIR BELIEF THAT RELIGION ALONE HOLDS THE KEY TO PEACE.
ARE THEY CRAZY?!!
Edward Sorel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

THE BLACK ANTIWAR MOVEMENT

Looking for a Post-Gulf Role

BRENDA PAYTON

In the orgy of postwar euphoria and self-congratulation, our country has momentarily forgotten the troublesome question of the disproportionate number of African-Americans on the front lines. The inequity of the African-American community's excessive risk in the Persian Gulf war makes the links between militarism and shrinking civilian opportunities clearer than ever, offering a powerful organizing tool to black progressives. Indeed, late last year activists from around the country formed a network of local organizations that could be the seeds of the first mass antiwar movement in the African-American community.

If statistics could serve as the engine driving a protest movement, the numbers behind the African-Americans on the front lines make a dramatic case. According to the Defense Manpower Data Center, in 1972 blacks made up 11 percent of the active-duty forces and 11 percent of the overall U.S. population. By 1990 African-Americans were 21 percent of the active-duty forces and 12 percent of the population. By contrast, in 1990 blacks made up 11 percent of the civilian labor force and 22 percent of the unemployed. African-Americans are thus underrepresented in the civilian labor force and significantly overrepresented in the military and among the unemployed.

The African-American military population is not only more numerous but, in a development that is often overlooked, it is also increasingly middle class. While the armed forces are generally thought of as a means of advancement, a ticket out of the ghetto, in the past ten years the military has attracted greater numbers of black recruits from middle-class families. According to a 1989 Congressional report, between 1980 and 1987 the proportion of African-American recruits from areas with a significant number of college-educated adults jumped by 56 percent. In 1987 alone, the majority of the African-American recruits came from areas where families earn above the average black income. The opposite was true of white recruits, more than half of whom come from areas where families earn below the average income.

This troubling imbalance takes on added significance when paired with a simultaneous decrease in the number of middle-class African-American students enrolling in college. The American Council on Education reports that in 1976, 53 percent of the middle-income black high school graduates were enrolled in college; by 1988 only 36 percent were in college. College participation of African-American students of all income classes declined even as a higher percentage of them graduated from high school and their S.A.T. scores improved. The council attributes the drop in college participation to, among other things, cutbacks in financial aid and increased military recruitment.

Several analysts have warned of the deleterious effect of what amounts to the militarization of the African-American middle class. Ronald Walters, chair of the political science department at Howard University, calls it "skimming the cream off the top." In Congressional testimony, he contrasted the benefits to the community of military versus private-sector employment. "In the civilian sector . . . they [workers] may participate as entrepreneurs, employing many people and enhancing economic development," Walters testified. "They may become educators, helping to train many people in a variety of professions; they may become health professionals, inventors, service providers, etc., all helping to affect the circumstances of many thousands of people beyond themselves. The range of roles in the military are far fewer."

In an interview, Walters said most African-Americans he talks to don't understand the ramifications of this trend. "The college-eligible youth should be going to college to prepare for jobs in the private sector, rather than joining the military," he said. "The military is still a detour of four or six years before entering the private sector."

This detour puts African-Americans behind their white counterparts who have already started getting training and experience in the labor force. In a 1986 study of Army veterans, two-thirds said the job skills they learned in the Army were incompatible with those required in their current civilian jobs. According to a jobs counselor for veterans, the vast majority of veterans have to undergo additional training to bridge the gap between their military experience and the needs of the private sector. "The military teaches shortcut methods," said Barry Redd of the Veterans Assistance Center in Berkeley, California. "The point is to get whatever is down back on-line. They are trouble-shooters, not diagnosticians. When they apply for work with a private company, they take tests about the basic principles of electricity and electronics, for example, and they haven't learned about those. Many vets are resentful when they come out and find out how unprepared they are to compete." Redd, himself a vet who filled in the gaps in his military training, puts equal blame on military recruiters who make unrealistic promises to fill their quotas and on recruits who don't research their options.

On another front, Walters points out that the military's attraction of middle-class African-Americans also hurts the chances of young people from poorer backgrounds who use the military as an escape from poverty. The new military entrance requirements exclude an estimated 70 percent of black males; fewer than 12 percent of youths without a high school diploma can meet Army entrance standards. "The effects on the bottom end of the income scale are just as pernicious," Walters said. "Young blacks who are on the corner, who ten years ago would have gone to the military as a way out, no longer have that option. Military recruitment is having a double-negative effect, at the top and the bottom of the

Brenda Payton is director of the Social Justice Project at the Center for Investigative Reporting.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

African-American community." Walters suggests one obvious solution: that society put the same resources into college recruitment that have gone into military recruitment.

If the nature of the recruitment of African-Americans seems unfair, the prospects of returning vets only heighten that perception. Even retired Marine Lieut. Gen. Frank Peterson, who champions military opportunities for African-Americans, has warned that gulf vets will likely find the same closed doors that greeted previous generations of black vets. The recession has narrowed civilian opportunities since they first entered the military, and President Bush's opposition to the new civil rights bill makes it clear that they can't depend on the federal government to help pry open the doors.

Against this backdrop, African-American coalitions against the gulf war were created toward the end of 1990. Seasoned antiwar and civil rights activists began meeting across the country. The National African American Network was founded last December as a national base for the local groups and organized a March conference in Washington. About sixty people, representing as many organizations from across the country, discussed strategies to foster opposition to the war and build an ongoing movement based on antimilitarism. One of the main points was that there is a need to expand the base of the movement or, as one participant put it, "to explain the issues to more than other peace activists." Damu Smith, one of the founders of the network, hopes it will fill what he sees as a void in both the black community and the peace movement. "Neither the African-American organizations nor the peace movement has adequately made the link between human needs and antimilitarism," he said. "We made the connections and people began to hear us."

But some are skeptical that those connections can sustain a mass movement. "How much can you build around this issue of blacks in the military?" asks James Herndon, an activist African-American attorney in San Francisco. "The concept is too removed from the pressing, basic needs such as food, shelter and health care." Leonard McNeil, the coordinator for the American Friends Service Committee's Youth and Militarism Program, thinks the issue could sustain a movement but he questions the perseverance of the organizers. "The groups I saw come together against the war are dissipating," he said. "A lot of people lack a long-term vision to focus on the policies, the social system from which the war emanated."

The ability of activists to attract young African-Americans to their ranks is an issue that strikes at the heart of what many term a crisis in leadership. At the network's March conference, the involvement of young people came as a welcome surprise to Attieno Davis, a seasoned activist in the San Francisco Bay Area. "It had been a long time since I had seen young people making national and international questions their own," she said with audible excitement. "Their energy was remarkable, [as was] their commitment to go outside of the meetings, into the street and communities. They pushed the need to do that."

Still, the movement has not attracted as many young people as one might expect, considering that they are directly affected by the militarization of opportunity. "To be honest, I feel there is a shortage of young activists compared with the civil rights and black power movements," said Richard O'Connor, a 23-year-old Marine reservist who joined the African-American antiwar effort in February. "So many young black men are in jail or on probation, they don't feel they can get involved in protest. Also, there is a strong frustration among young people that the older black leadership has gone mainstream. There is even that feeling about Jesse Jackson. They can't say the things that need to be said, and they no longer speak for us."

O'Connor said he was discouraged to find many former activists complacent or compromised. He tried to enlist African-American religious leaders in the support of conscientious objectors but could not get anyone to sign up. Even a member of a progressive African-American think tank said he couldn't support the cause because his organization receives federal funds. "I thought they would be proud to see the young black brothers standing up," O'Connor said. "But I couldn't drum up any genuine support."

To be sure, a number of established African-American organizations and religious leaders expressed strong opposition to the war, but the perception that the leadership is silent is widespread. Ray Davis, executive director of the D.C.-based Student Coalition Against Apartheid and Racism, shared O'Connor's frustration. "The political figures and community activists straddled the fence. Federal aid and military employment of their constituents compromised them."

Young activists, impatient with the traditional tactics and focus of protest, are eschewing large demonstrations and favoring activities aimed specifically at African-American communities. "It's difficult to get African-Americans to protest where you are going to have a lot of white people," O'Connor told a group of organizers.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONICA INCISA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ironically, political power and integration—gains of the civil rights movement—seem to thwart the development of a comparable organizing effort. "We've gotten so entrapped in the ways of seeing possibilities for action," said Kathryn Flewellen, national co-facilitator for the National African American Network. "We say 'change of policy' and immediately think 'lobby Congress.' That turns into 'what people will accept.' Right away we're compromised. We need to study and discuss how to rebuild an effective movement."

Herndon, the San Francisco attorney, joins the younger activists in calling for a change in tactics. "Demonstrations are a total waste of time," he said without qualification. "For years the progressive movement has said, Let's demonstrate. We have a demonstration, and the same policies continue." Without community organizing to lay the groundwork for the demonstrations, Herndon says, they will not broaden the base of support.

With the troops returning to victory celebrations, the fledgling African-American antiwar movement is trying to keep some momentum. Currently, organizers are focusing on the

Reparations Now?

In a surprising number of discussions about the role of African-Americans in the Persian Gulf, the topic turns to the issue of reparations for slavery. The idea is not new; it dates back to Reconstruction and the unrealized plan to compensate freed slaves with forty acres and a mule. While it has always had proponents in the black community, the concept is now enjoying renewed currency.

Advocates come to the idea from varied backgrounds and with different plans for its execution. The estimated cost ranges from $700 billion to $4 trillion, to be paid over a period of twenty to twenty-five years. Most of the plans would finance an infrastructure for education and economic development rather than distribute individual payments. The advocates share one belief: The only way to make the African-American community whole is through reparations. Here is a sampling of the voices for reparations:

§ The most prominent proposal predates the gulf war and is outlined in a bill sponsored by Representative John Conyers. Introduced last year, the bill would establish a Commission to Study Reparation Proposals for African-Americans that would examine the lingering effects of slavery and the federal and state laws that discriminated against freed slaves. The commission would recommend appropriate remedies, including compensation if warranted. The bill, reviewed by the subcommittee on constitutional rights during the last session, was re-introduced in the current session with twenty-four co-sponsors.

§ "How Does Black Reparations Relate to the War Crisis? It relates in the same way that it relates to every crisis in black America," reads a flier distributed by the Black Reparations Commission. The organization, based in Rockville, Maryland, is headed by Dorothy Benton-Lewis, who has led a lonely campaign for reparations for thirteen years. "The connections are obvious. Bush is talking about Iraq paying reparations for the rape and pillage of Kuwait when the U.S. raped and pillaged African-Americans and there has been no compensation. You wouldn't have the overrepresentation of African-Americans in the military if there was economic justice at home," she said.

She backs a plan that would assess the cumulative effect of slavery and legal discrimination; a 1982 reparations study set the cost at $4 trillion. Benton-Lewis said she began thinking about reparations when, as a resident of Alaska, she followed the push for native land settlements. "It's not so much an ideological issue with me, it's a simple matter of justice," she said.

§ Dr. David Swinton's support of reparations is based strictly on economics. Dean of the business school at Jackson State University, Swinton writes the economic report for the annual Urban League account of the status of black America. He said he embraced the idea about six years ago.

"I've been looking at this economic disparity for about twenty years," Swinton said. "The gap between black and white America never changes because of the impact of slavery and Jim Crow on the accumulation of wealth—both financial, material and in terms of human capital. Over the last five or six years it just became clear we need a new strategy to eliminate the inherited difference in wealth. I can't get out of that conclusion."

Although Swinton recognizes that most people think the idea is radical, he finds it less radical than programs of affirmative action. "Our approach has been to try to manage the behavior of white people, and that's why we have the resistance. But if the wealth disparity is not there, discrimination is not profitable." Interestingly, Swinton says white people often recognize the legitimacy of the idea. He does not favor connecting reparations to the military service of African-Americans, because he thinks it minimizes the claim. Basing his estimates on the per capita difference of wealth accumulation, he said the cost would range from $700 billion to $1 trillion.

§ Algenita Scott Davis, president of the National Bar Association, said her interest in reparations was revived when the Japanese-American World War II internees received their redress checks. "That was like a match setting a fire," she said. "I thought, wait a minute: Isn't anyone considering what happened to the African-American people?"

The National Bar Association and the National Conference of Black Lawyers are drawing up a joint position paper in support of reparations. The membership of the two organizations will vote on the proposal this summer.

B.P.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fate of the war resisters. Of the 2,000 to 2,500 resisters, some estimate that as many as 1,000 are African-Americans. Over the next eighteen months, the network plans to meet with grassroots leaders across the country to develop an antimilitarism agenda. An April conference in the Bay Area brought together, for the first time, antiwar organizers from the African-American, Native American, Asian and Latino communities. "A lot of us have been involved in antiracism, antiapartheid movements and community struggles," said Fran Beal, a member of the steering committee of the Bay Area African-American Coalition. "This is the first time we have identified militarism as the central issue in all of these movements. That's an important step."

There probably couldn't be a more dramatic illustration of the tenuous position of the African-American community than the number of black faces on the front lines in the Persian Gulf war. Yet the nascent antimilitarism movement is plagued by a lack of confidence that is undermining African-American leadership across the board. Reflecting this larger malaise, the antiwar movement seems almost paralyzed by the history of past movements in the African-American community; the antiwar movement is unable to break away from timeworn tactics and is incapable of mustering the unity and clarity of purpose that kept those movements going. But, in the face of such glaring inequity, if African-American activism can't be awakened now, then when? □

ISRAELI POLITICS

Anyone Here For Peace?

HILLEL SCHENKER

Tel Aviv

Israelis have an amazing capacity, in most cases, to turn the page and move on. After all, since the end of the Persian Gulf war on February 28, we have had Baker Visits I, II, III and IV; the plight of the Kurds; the first visit ever of a Soviet foreign minister to Israel; the complex visit of Polish President Lech Walesa from the country that serves as the graveyard of half of European Jewry; and now, Operation Solomon, the dramatic airlifting of at least 14,500 Ethiopian Jews within three days.

With so many trees, it's hard sometimes to see the forest. So where are we today, eleven months after the start of the gulf crisis put most things on hold?

As former justice minister Chaim Zadok (Labor) told the opening session of the annual board meeting of the International Center for Peace in the Middle East (I.C.P.M.E.), after everything that's happened, "the Palestinians are the same Palestinians, the *intifada* is the same *intifada*, Shamir is the same Shamir and the Labor Party with its uninspiring leadership is the same Labor Party." Popular stand-up comic Dudu Topaz puts it this way: When American Secretary of State James Baker came to Prime Minister Shamir and asked him, "How do you do?" he answered, "I do not do." And when he came to opposition Labor Party leader Shimon Peres and asked him, "How do you do?" he responded, "I would like to do but I cannot do." The question underlying everything is, Will the post-gulf war flurry of diplomatic activity produce any concrete progress toward a resolution of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict?

Prime Minister Shamir caused quite a stir toward the end of April when he told *Le Monde*: "With my whole history and the way I perceive the state, I will never abandon the territories. I wouldn't want to enter national memory as someone who sold off part of Israel cheaply. . . . But I'm a realist. I know that I'm an old man. . . . There is room for thought that whoever follows me can accept territorial concessions in exchange for peace." The statement was a fascinating reflection of Shamir's renowned rigidity. He is perhaps coming to the realization that the writing is on the wall, and that at 76 his political career is nearing its end. Shamir will probably still be the Likud Party's standard-bearer in the next elections, which must be held no later than the fall of 1992. But what are the alternatives to Shamir within the Likud? Will the next generation be more pragmatic?

We can begin by writing off Ariel Sharon, a constant pretender to the throne who is currently serving as Minister of Construction and Housing. Unlike virtually all the other potential leaders, Sharon was not born into the Likud, did not grow up in its Betar youth movement and is not known to go around quoting chapter and verse from the writings of Zeev Jabotinsky, the Likud's chief ideological mentor (who died in 1940). Sharon is known simply as a blatant opportunist. When he ran as a political independent in 1977, and again when he was appointed defense minister in 1981, some observers thought the hard-line former general would have to demonstrate a new-found moderation in order to make a serious run for national leadership. Writer Yoram Kaniuk, a peace movement activist, even went around telling friends that Sharon had said to him, "Don't worry, you can trust me." Of course, the metamorphosis never happened, and today no one on the left believes that Sharon will become Israel's de Gaulle, leading the country out of the occupied territories. The fact is that the inner core of the Likud leadership doesn't trust Sharon either, in part because of the Lebanon debacle and in part because he is seen as being totally unprincipled. They will do everything possible to prevent him from becoming the party leader.

Foreign Minister David Levy is the most outspoken "dove" within the current government. He too is not a typical Likud leader. Unlike the many Likud leaders of Eastern European origin, the Moroccan-born Levy was the only Israeli government host who could say to Walesa, "I was a worker just like you," having been a construction worker in the northern town of Beit She'an and having begun his political career within the Histadrut (the General Federation of Labor). Levy is the leading voice within the government in favor of trying to make something positive out of the current Baker initiative. He has said that he is ready to talk with any representative Palestin-

Hillel Schenker is a veteran journalist who covers Israeli and Middle Eastern affairs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ian from the occupied territories, "even if he danced on the roof when the Scuds fell," and that he is ready for unconditional negotiations with the Syrians. Furthermore, he publicly disagreed with the Prime Minister's adviser Elyakim Rubinstein when the latter discounted the importance of the readiness of the Saudis and representatives of the Gulf Cooperation Council to act as observers at a Middle East peace conference. Levy's problems are his bombastic style, which contributes to the fact that few consider him a serious candidate for national leadership, and the massive wave of Soviet Jewish immigration, which has changed the Jewish demographic balance in Israel. Levy can no longer claim to be the tribune of a Sephardic Eastern majority, because the Ashkenazi "Western" Jews are once again the majority, and that majority is growing. However, the brand of populist pragmatism advocated by Levy and his supporters could become an important component of a more flexible Likud policy.

Neither Rabin nor Peres does very well in the public opinion polls against Shamir.

Defense Minister Moshe Arens is the heir apparent. Shamir's senior ally in the government, he is the inner circle's choice to fend off both Sharon and Levy and to assume the mantle of leadership when the Prime Minister retires. Although he was born in Europe, Arens grew up in the United States, where he served as head of Betar. Arens and his ally Binyamin (Benny) Begin—Menachem Begin's son—are both considered to be humanists; they were repelled by Shamir's insistence that Rahavam Ze'evi and his ultraright-wing Moledet (Homeland) Party be added to the government, since Ze'evi is an outright racist who advocates the "transfer" (expulsion) of the Palestinians from the occupied territories. Both Arens and Begin Jr. support equal rights for Arabs—within the framework of Greater Israel. Both see themselves as students of Jabotinsky, who saw the Arab-Israeli conflict as an inevitable clash between the Jewish and the Palestinian national movements. This, in their view, necessitates the retention of the occupied territories for both defensive and ideological reasons, while maintaining respect for the other nation and granting it equal civil, though not political, rights.

The Palestinians in the occupied territories say that they prefer Arens to either Sharon or Yitzhak Rabin as defense minister (though they of course would rather not have any Israeli defense minister lording it over them). Arens was in favor of saying yes to Baker in the spring of 1990 but is known to be less enthusiastic about Baker's current initiative. Last fall, at a meeting of the Jabotinsky Association in Tel Aviv devoted to Jewish-Arab understanding, Begin Jr. described his own approach to negotiations in the following manner: "There will be no preconditions. The Palestinians can bring whatever they want to the table, and we, of course, will bring our desire for Greater Israel. Whatever will be, will be."

If Arens doesn't make it, there is a slew of potential candidates for the Likud leadership from the next generation of 40- to 50-year-olds, who are known as "the princes" of the party because most of them were born into Likud families and their parents were prominent leaders of the right-wing pre-state underground. The leading candidate from that generation is Justice Minister Dan Meridor. He is closely allied with Shamir and is known to be the only member of the Likud government who pays a weekly visit to the hermit of Israeli politics, former prime minister Menachem Begin. Meridor, considered to be the most pragmatic moderate in the government, is known to have said (behind closed doors) that the Likud may have no alternative but to give up occupied territories for peace. Ultraright Kahane types have plastered his picture all over the walls of Jerusalem's central bus station, accusing him of being a friend of the Israeli left and of Palestinian leader Faisal Husseini (it's hard to know which is a worse accusation in their eyes).

Meridor's political twin in the government is Health Minister Ehud Olmert (who has no known pretensions to or expectations for national leadership). Both Meridor and Olmert are known to have met with the mainstream Palestinian leaders in the West Bank, who everyone realizes are unofficially associated with the P.L.O. They, possibly with Police Minister Roni Milo (a former student leader whose brother is married to Begin's daughter), are considered to represent those in the Likud who realize that if the party wants to remain in power, it will have to move toward a readiness for territorial compromise and toward the granting of one or another form of Palestinian national rights.

What about the opposition Labor Party? According to the latest public opinion polls, if elections were held today, Labor would drop from thirty-nine to thirty-five seats (out of 120 in the Knesset), the Likud would drop from forty to thirty-nine, and gains would be made by the extreme right (Tehiya, Moledet and Tzomet) and the Zionist left (Citizens' Rights Movement, Mapam and Shinui). If those are Labor's prospects, perhaps they shouldn't bother. Yet socioeconomic indicators suggest otherwise. There are now 160,000 unemployed, more than 10 percent of the potential work force, including 40 percent of the Soviet Jews who have arrived since January 1990. There are predictions that the unemployment level may reach 225,000 by the year's end, and it may eventually climb to 400,000, according to a warning issued by outgoing governor of the Bank of Israel Michael Bruno. These numbers were reflected in a demonstration outside the Knesset a month ago by several hundred recent Soviet immigrants, who demanded adequate and affordable housing and jobs. One of the signs they held said, "We were slaves unto pharaoh in Egypt. Not here!" And they threatened to found a new political party to defend their interests. Given these major difficulties, the chances of Labor, whatever the polls say today, cannot be ruled out entirely.

So when we look at 110 Hayarkon Street, the Labor Party headquarters, what do we see? During the past seventeen years, Yitzhak Rabin and Shimon Peres have both served terms as prime minister and defense minister, and they have periodically competed against each other for the Labor Party

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leadership. Originally Rabin was the dove and Peres the hawk, but now the roles have been reversed. Peres was considered a good prime minister while Rabin is more popular with the general public, but neither does very well in the public opinion polls when placed against Shamir (who himself is the very antithesis of charisma). However, the two Labor leaders are still the primary contenders to lead the party in the next elections. Both support significant territorial compromise in the West Bank and Gaza, and both support Israeli participation in Baker's proposed regional peace conference. They also supported Baker's 1990 proposal for an Israeli-Palestinian meeting in Cairo, which would have involved negotiations with Palestinians in the occupied territories who are unofficially associated with the P.L.O., though not with official P.L.O. representatives. The question is whether either of them can be elected, i.e., gain the plurality necessary to form a coalition government led by the Labor Party.

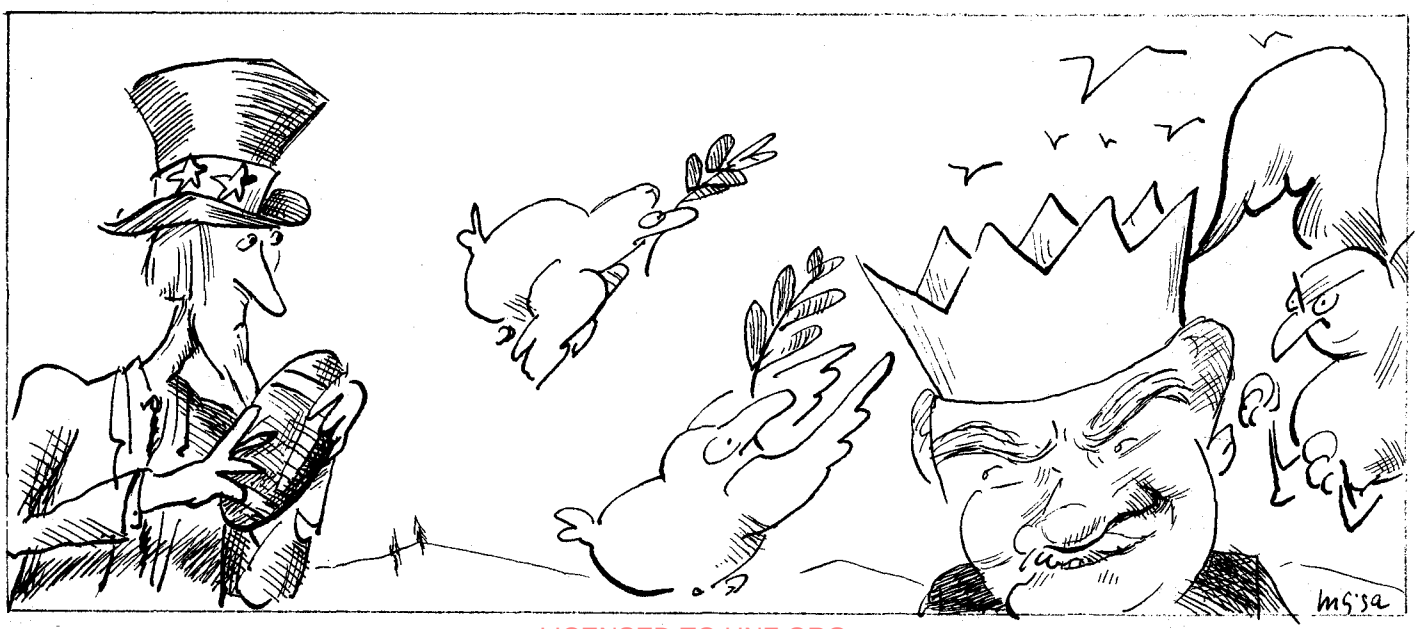
What are the alternatives? At least six candidates have come forward and suggested they are ready for party leadership. First of all, there is the strange troika of Moshe Shahal, Ora Namir and Uzi Baram. They don't particularly like one another, but they have begun to meet together, and the idea is that out of three will come one—the future leader. Shahal, a former energy minister, is of Iraqi origin. A high-powered, slick lawyer, he is the most prominent member of the leadership echelon to come out in favor of a Palestinian state and talks with the P.L.O. Namir, chair of the Knesset's Labor and Welfare Committee and the only woman considered to be a potential candidate for national leadership, is noted for energetic activity on socioeconomic issues. A dove, she is known to have said after meeting Arafat's adviser Imad Shakur a number of years ago that the encounter "transformed her views about the conflict." Lately she has been trying to cover her dovish tracks as she reaches for national leadership. Baram, a former secretary general of the Labor Party, is the nicest guy of them all, a confirmed and committed dove, but it's hard to picture him as the next party leader, much less national leader.

Former chief of staff Mordechai (Mota) Gur has been a self-proclaimed prime ministerial candidate ever since he left the army in 1979. However, he has never quite decided whether he is a dove (1982) or a hawk (today?), and he has never found his place in the political jungle. The same applies to former minister of economic planning Gad Ya'acoby. Considered by *Newsweek* back in the early 1970s to be one of the brightest young political figures on the international scene, the promise of this moderate dove, who has begun to appear at peace movement activities, has long since faded.

There is really only one candidate who is in a position to challenge seriously Peres and Rabin in 1992, and that is the Secretary General of the Histadrut, Yisrael Kessar. He has an independent power base, the Histadrut; control of the Labor Party daily, *Davar*; and he is the only Labor figure to have defeated Likud candidates in national elections since 1977. Of Yemenite origin, Kessar was a farmer and a teacher with an M.A. in labor relations before becoming a labor leader. If the unemployment rate rises sharply and economic issues play a major role in the campaign, Kessar will be in a good position to challenge Peres-Rabin for the party leadership. Until now, he has maintained a very low profile on peace and security issues.

Where do the peace movement and the left stand in all of this? As Mapam leader Yair Tzaban pointed out at the I.C.P.M.E. annual board meeting, there will be 500,000 new voters in the next elections: 150,000 Soviet immigrants and 350,000 first-time young voters. He says that the alternatives to be posed before them are simple—either Israel successfully absorbs 1 million immigrants and creates jobs for them and the younger generation or it continues to oppress 2 million Palestinians. It is impossible to do both.

Statistics from a soon-to-be-published book by Dr. Mina Tzemach, a pollster, and Professor Asher Arian reinforce a sense of cautious optimism about the prospects for influencing public opinion. The authors have been surveying national attitudes for the past five years. According to their findings, in 1986, 39 percent supported the formula of territories for peace, and in 1991 the number has risen to 58 percent. In 1986, 19 percent supported a Palestinian state, and by 1991 the num-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ber has reached 32 percent. In 1986, 63 percent felt that Israel "should do its utmost to negotiate a peace agreement." By 1991, that number has risen to 74 percent. One of the most interesting findings is that in 1991, 35 percent of the Likud supporters are ready to support more flexible alternatives to current government policy. At the same time, support for negotiations with the P.L.O. dropped from 58 percent in August 1989 to 41 percent in March of 1991, undoubtedly reflecting general Israeli disappointment with the positions taken by P.L.O. leader Yasir Arafat during the gulf war.

Armed with public opinion polls indicating that if they ran together they would get fifteen seats in the Knesset compared with twelve if they ran separately, the three Zionist peace parties, the Citizens' Rights Movement, Mapam and Shinui, are considering running on one joint list in the next elections. The problem is that their potential growth would probably be at the expense of Labor, and that wouldn't change anything in the overall national equation.

Shamir prefers to bog down the 'process' in procedural quibbles.

If the political scene is to be reshaped in a significant way in time for the next elections, change will have to come from within the Likud's constituency. There has been some interesting movement among Likud leaders, particularly at the municipal level. Their two most prominent mayors, Eli Landau of Herzliah and Shlomo Lahat of Tel Aviv, have both called for talks with the P.L.O. and for a solution to the conflict based on either a Palestinian state or a Jordanian-Palestinian confederation alongside Israel. Landau had some very interesting things to say in a recent interview in the daily *Yediot Aharonot*: "People who will read Zeev Jabotinsky's writings on Jewish-Arab relations will find some very surprising things. . . . I not only call for talks with Arafat, I also call for talks with [Ahmed] Jabril [leader of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine—General Command], with [Nayef] Hawatmeh [leader of the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine], and with whoever is ready to talk with us. I'm not in love with them, but we must speak with them. Just as the American officers are speaking with the Iraqi officers. . . . Even in the eyes of the Palestinians, Yasir Arafat is no longer considered an all-powerful leader. He made some major mistakes along the way. However, if despite these errors the Palestinians still consider him their representative, whether we like it or not, we will speak with him. As a man, he doesn't interest me. What counts is what he is and who he represents." When some Likudniks wanted to begin proceedings to have Landau thrown out of the party because of his "heretical ideas," Mayor Lahat said that he would leave with him. Landau intends to struggle within the party for his views, and he has hinted that he may form an alternative centrist party, together with Lahat, that might win enough seats from the Likud in the next election to tip the balance in favor of the doves.

Meanwhile, since nobody expects Shamir to do anything on his own initiative, the ball remains in the hands of the Americans. In theory, the same economic interests that led George Bush to mobilize 500,000 troops and an impressive international coalition in order to force Iraq out of Kuwait should compel him to want to promote a political resolution of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict to further a Western-dominated social and economic stability in the region. But are the Americans really interested in promoting a brave new regional order?

Abba Eban says that the American behavior vis-à-vis the peace process reminds him of a man who always arrives late enough at a train station to insure that he will miss the train. But interestingly, the only participant at the I.C.P.M.E. conference who actually met Baker during his four visits to the region, Palestinian leader Professor Hanan Ashrawi of Bir Zeit University, said, "I think Baker is serious. Both he and Bush are not playing games."

Well, if the Americans are serious, they'll have to prove it in the near future. Everyone knows that Shamir is playing for time. When the Israeli and the American election campaigns start in 1992, Middle Eastern diplomacy will grind to a halt. So if the Bush-Baker team wants to use the leverage gained by the results of the gulf war and the current international and regional configurations to promote political progress in the Middle East, it will have to do so before the end of 1991. Bush's Middle East arms control proposals are interesting and even important, but they have no chance of success unless progress is made on the fundamental underlying political issues.

The outlines of a deal are pretty clear. Some form of peace conference would be convened, whether in Washington, Geneva, Cairo or elsewhere, with the participation of Israelis, Palestinians and probably other Arabs, in the presence of American, Soviet and other international representatives. The Palestinians, who received very poor press during the gulf crisis, are trying to compensate today by being as pragmatic as possible. They appear ready to accept a Palestinian delegation from the occupied territories or a joint Jordanian-Palestinian delegation authorized by the P.L.O. (rather than an official P.L.O. representation from Tunis). The ensuing direct negotiations between Israeli representatives and their respective Arab interlocutors, with international mediation behind the scenes, would produce an interim agreement that would lead to some form of Palestinian self-government in the occupied territories. The Palestinians would accept this as long as it is clearly defined as a step toward negotiations for a permanent settlement that doesn't rule out some form of Palestinian sovereignty over the West Bank and Gaza. Shamir himself could live with such an interim agreement, because he himself would not have to be a signatory to the permanent settlement, which would require the territorial compromise that is so abhorrent to him. However, he prefers to bog down the "process" in procedural quibbles rather than move on to substantive discussions.

Thus a chance for movement toward a political resolution of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict exists. All that's needed is some timely and friendly persuasion. But if the American Ad-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ministration squanders the opportunity created by the political capital and leverage that it has in the area today, it should remember the cardinal rule of Middle East politics: If there is no progress toward peace, there is deterioration toward the next round of deadly, destabilizing armed conflict. □

CHALLENGES IN THE RANKS

Mandela Tries to Stay Out Front

CHRIS McGREAL

Johannesburg

Nelson Mandela is making a belated attempt to change his image. Gone is the picture of the leader pushing conciliation and compromise while holding the hawks in his African National Congress at bay. In its place is the new Mandela, a man who appears more combative than his own militant supporters as he confronts a duplicitous government.

Mandela says the change goes back to last fall, when he began to question his faith in President F.W. de Klerk as a "man of integrity." But only now has he chosen to make his anger public, as negotiations over South Africa's future are accompanied by the violent deaths of thousands of blacks, and as the A.N.C. leadership tries vainly to deny that it is surrendering ground to the government.

Mandela's new, tougher stance is primarily an attempt to shield himself from mounting criticism of his role as chief concession-maker. Yet the change is proving far from enough to reassure the A.N.C.'s varied ranks of supporters. In July, Mandela will face a lesson in grass-roots democracy at the A.N.C.'s national conference in Durban. Although he denies it, factionalism is on the rise within the organization. Unions, civic organizations and township activists all fear that in its overriding concern to achieve the principle of one person, one vote, the A.N.C. will compromise everything else it has stood for. The congress, then, stands at a crossroads: Will it shape a radical alternative for the "new" South Africa or merely accommodate itself to the apartheid system Mark II? Even if this dispute does not come to a head in July, the conference will undoubtedly set the direction of future negotiations with the government. All the indications are that the outcome will not be to Mandela's liking.

It is hard not to sympathize with Mandela, who faces a number of problems that should by rights burden South Africa's white rulers. It is the A.N.C., not the National Party, that must fumble for a strategy to cope with violence, disillusioned supporters and splits in its ranks. Yet so far it has failed to wrest from the government control of the transition to a nonracial system. Instead, it is reduced to largely futile gestures such as calling off talks that were not in any case likely to begin for several weeks, and then saying they may be back on track after all.

Winnie Mandela personifies her husband's difficulties. Few in the A.N.C. generate as much fear and loathing as the so-called Mother of the Nation. Both leadership and rank-and-file critics see her as representative of an undemocratic, thuggish element and as evidence of her husband's weakness. "If he can't even control his own wife . . ." the refrain goes. Her conviction and six-year prison sentence, in the eyes of many in the A.N.C., has virtually ended her career. Evidence of this was her defeat in a secret ballot for the presidency of the A.N.C. Women's League by a margin of more than three to one, after Albertina Sisulu, wife of A.N.C. internal leader Walter Sisulu, withdrew her candidacy and urged her supporters to vote for Winnie's opponent.

But Winnie will not be sidelined so easily. When she lambastes the government in a manner few others would dare, the roar of approval from the angry young comrades can be heard for miles. Yet her diminished influence over the A.N.C. hierarchy strengthens the hand of others who fear the leadership may make too many compromises. Mrs. Mandela alienated many within the core of the Mass Democratic Movement during its years of keeping resistance alive while the A.N.C. was banned. She is no longer an obstacle to their attempts to reassert their influence.

Those who remained in South Africa through the worst of the state of emergency increasingly see the A.N.C. as watering down its commitment to longstanding economic and social ideals. Their criticisms are echoed by political prisoners and exiles, many of whom remain in jail or abroad months after the government promised their release and return, and whose anger toward de Klerk is matched only by their frustration at the A.N.C.'s inability to do anything for them.

Chris McGreal is Southern Africa correspondent for The Independent on Sunday *(London).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now the A.N.C. even seems prepared to compromise on the central issue of one person, one vote, as Nelson Mandela recently indicated in a speech at Stellenbosch University, the cradle of Afrikaner intellectual life. A senior official later explained privately that this meant the A.N.C. might go along with the government's refusal to consider a winner-take-all system. In other words, whites would be given influence in a future government out of proportion to their numbers.

Mandela confesses that the A.N.C. is having a hard time preventing the government from acting unilaterally to entrench white privilege under a postapartheid system. The last statutory pillars of apartheid are to be scrapped on June 30. But the bill to reform the Group Areas Act, which segregated residential neighborhoods and confined blacks to townships, gives the authorities power to decide whether people moving into a district will "maintain appropriate norms and standards in any residential area." An inspection board will have the right to inspect premises for "overcrowding," a term open to selective interpretation, since South African blacks tend to have larger families than their white countrymen. A similar bill to scrap the Land Acts, which preserved most farmland for whites, gives officials the right to decide who may farm where.

There have been fewer than forty prosecutions for the 10,000 deaths in factional violence.

While Mandela insists that the new laws show how much the National Party has been forced to abandon its traditional prerogatives, that is not how some important A.N.C. allies see it. The 1.2 million-strong Congress of South African Trade Unions (Cosatu) and the popular and experienced United Democratic Front have loosened their ties to the A.N.C. in order to give themselves greater freedom to challenge shifts in policy. The two have joined forces with several housing rights organizations to form a new civic association. Although they deny that this new body is in competition with the A.N.C., Cosatu general secretary Jay Naidoo is clearly frustrated by the leadership's abandonment of many of its socialist policies, particularly on the question of nationalization. "We are redefining our role," says Naidoo. "We do not see ourselves becoming apolitical; in fact we see ourselves becoming more political. Unless a political transition is accompanied by a meeting of the needs of the people, that transition will be a mere illusion." Ultimately, Cosatu and its allies may prove to be what the A.N.C. is not—an organization with a clear political platform.

The A.N.C. says it cannot transform itself into a political party at this stage because that would mean rejecting the many diverse political views that it now incorporates. But in pursuing that supposedly loftier purpose, the leadership has essentially rejected a grass-roots voice on bread-and-butter concerns. Because the A.N.C. has no clear policy on many issues, there is therefore no sense of participation. Sometimes the only substantive contact with the organization in the townships comes in the form of intimidation by young comrades forcing people to take part in a protest.

Those who worked with the United Democratic Front feel particularly aggrieved that the A.N.C. has chosen to overlook the experience they had built up organizing at the local level during the state of emergency. "The A.N.C. has demonstrated an inability to deal with grass-roots issues like housing and containing the violence and crime in the townships," says U.D.F. co-president Archie Gumede. "And in many ways its leadership has grown out of touch with its membership."

The continued carnage in the Reef townships is costing the A.N.C. one of its most important areas of support, urbanized families who are desperate for change—but not at any price. They are well aware that Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi's Inkatha Freedom Party is responsible for most of the slaughter, with significant help from the police, but they are equally concerned about the A.N.C.'s inability to stop it.

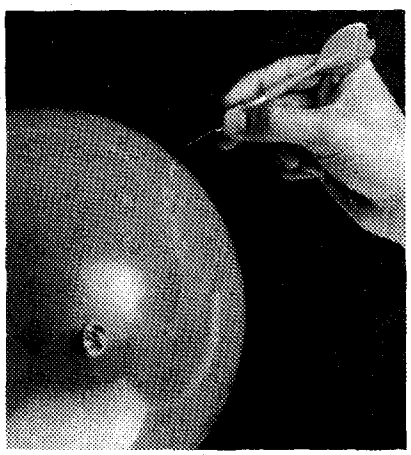
If Mandela is so influential with the government, it is often asked, why can he not force it to do the one thing that would make a difference—ban the carrying of all weapons in public? The National Party, whose power has always been based on the widespread and systematic abuse of individual and collective rights, has suddenly discovered one that is inalienable: the right of Zulus to bear "cultural weapons." Blacks still cannot vote, live where they wish, seek many jobs or buy land. But their right to carry a spear in public is not to be infringed.

There have been fewer than forty prosecutions for the 10,000 deaths in factional violence. Yet Mandela's response has been so naïve as to be almost laughable. He recently told de Klerk that the way to get the police to cease their support for the killings was to force a full investigation of each case: Since the police would not have the personnel to look into every one, Mandela argued, they would therefore stop the carnage. This presupposes good will on the part of the police, but as Mandela has said so often, the police are complicit in the killings. In May, after the A.N.C. had issued an ultimatum demanding that de Klerk take dramatic action to end the violence—including the dismissal of two Cabinet ministers—the government issued only ineffective restrictions on weapons in "unrest areas." The A.N.C.'s unimpressive response was to say it would not participate in constitutional talks that have yet to begin. Talks already under way on other issues would continue.

Mandela's dilemma is to reconcile his relationships with men who continue to act in bad faith—including de Klerk—with his effort to insure the best deal for South Africa's black majority. His mistake, perhaps, is that he has continued to show a degree of respect for his negotiating partners that few in the townships consider merited. Having demanded the resignation of Law and Order Minister Adriaan Vlok for failing to control the violence, Mandela has made a point of stressing his good personal relationship with Vlok, who heads a police force guilty of innumerable crimes. And while most people in the townships blame the police for abetting the daily terror, they see Chief Buthelezi as the true villain. Mandela has evaded this issue, however, with his talk of a shadowy "Third Force." Such a thing obviously exists, but only as a loosely

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why the most skeptical people in America subscribe to The Nation.



Our editorial philosophy.

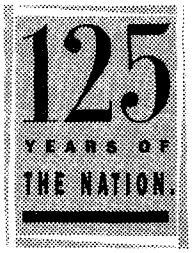
The Nation is older than General Motors and the USSR. We even predate sliced bread.

Yet, despite our advanced age, we have never settled for mere respectability.

Indeed, the longer we're around, the more we pride ourselves on disturbing the status quo.

A paradox?

Not to thousands of our readers still able to declare they are "radical," let alone liberal.



Our history.

They prize the challenge we present forty-seven times a year.

The challenge to their assumptions. Their sense of what the news portends. And the disinformation that too often masquerades as news.

We always do our very best to keep all our readers freshly provoked.

With regular contributions from such iconoclasts as Alexander Cockburn, Katha Pollitt, Christopher Hitchens, Molly Ivins, Gore Vidal, Calvin Trillin, and drawings from the likes of Edward Sorel (well, nobody else is like Mr. Sorel).

Our taste in art.

Why do the most skeptical people in America subscribe to The Nation?

Because they ask the toughest questions and demand the liveliest answers.

Prove it:

Subscribe for yourself.

Our offer (for new subscribers only): Save $20 off the single-copy price when you subscribe to 24 issues of The Nation—one-half year—for just $22.

[ ] My payment is enclosed. [ ] Bill me later.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Please mail to: PO Box 10791, Des Moines, IA 50340-0791

The Nation.

Unconventional wisdom since 1865.

HIGH1 Produced by Public Media Center

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coordinated group of white ultrarightists capable of no more than exacerbating the level of violence.

Mandela has not only refrained from pointing the finger at Inkatha; he insists on calling Buthelezi his "good friend"—even after nearly 10,000 deaths and the Zulu chief's assertion that South Africa's salvation lies in a Zulu-Afrikaner alliance. The A.N.C. leadership may have good reasons for placating Buthelezi, but it wins them no friends among those who live near the Inkatha-dominated workers' hostels and who conclude that the leadership is out of touch, or even that it has lost its nerve.

These doubts can be seen most clearly in the failure of the A.N.C.'s membership drive, which has fallen far short of its target of 1 million new members by the July conference. Unlike most South African organizations, however, the A.N.C.'s following is not confined to its membership. If most blacks identify with any organization at all, it is with the A.N.C. Opinion polls have put its standing at between 40 percent and 67 percent of the black population, compared with less than 5 percent each for the National Party and Inkatha.

These figures haunt Mandela. The A.N.C. has demanded a vote for a constituent assembly, as a genuine reflection of the strength of South Africa's contending forces. But Inkatha and the National Party have predictably rejected the idea out of hand. De Klerk will not put his party's popularity to such a test, and Mandela knows it will be all but impossible to force his hand.

This will not stop the A.N.C. grass roots who are trying to force the leadership's hand. A constituent assembly offers blacks a more immediate prospect of representation and control than a new constitution and elections several years down the road. Frustration with de Klerk's continued manipulation of events may produce an open grass-roots revolt at the July conference. The warning signs are already visible. Last December a rebellion in the ranks forced the national executive to abandon a proposal by international affairs head Thabo Mbeki to set a timetable for winding down some international sanctions. Mbeki judged correctly that if the A.N.C. did not offer an alternative to the continuation of comprehensive sanctions, the Europeans would dismantle them of their own accord and the A.N.C. would lose the initiative. But the grass roots were in no mood to offer the government a sign of approval. The sanctions might be lifted anyway, but de Klerk would not be allowed to claim that this was a reward from the A.N.C. rank and file. The final decision to stand firm over sanctions may have damaged the congress abroad and among South African liberals, but it is one of the few points that the leadership has scored recently with its domestic constituency.

In July, grass-roots activists may oblige the A.N.C. to suspend negotiations with the government indefinitely, or refuse to allow Mandela to settle for anything less than a constituent assembly. In part this will depend on the new composition of the A.N.C.'s national executive, which is likely to be expanded from thirty-five to more than a hundred members in an attempt to broaden representation away from the former exiles who now predominate and bring in more of the leaders who remained in South Africa during the state of emergency. But it will also depend on the extent to which the A.N.C. leadership can calm its branch organizations and continue to make concessions against the wishes of supporters in the townships. It is unlikely that the leadership can succeed in this. And if it fails, Mandela will emerge from the July conference clearer about what kind of "new" South Africa he is expected to deliver. □

Ethiopia

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

that if the man who had coined the slogan "The Motherland or Death" wasn't going to risk his own neck, they weren't going to risk theirs either.

The liberation movements arrived in London with victory in their grasp. The elite Second Army had just surrendered to the E.P.L.F. in the Eritrean capital of Asmara. Units of the E.P.R.D.F. held the Ethiopian capital in a stranglehold and were ready to move into the city at will.

As Ethiopian Prime Minister Tesfaye Dinka negotiated in London, acting President Tesfaye Gebre-Kidan went to the U.S. Embassy in Addis Ababa and revealed that the government had lost control of its army, essentially conceding defeat. Thus in a dramatic announcement on the first afternoon of the talks, the United States "recommended" that E.P.R.D.F. forces enter Addis Ababa to restore law and order. With defeat visible on his face, Dinka walked out of the talks and alleged to the press that the Americans had done a deal with the Devil. The next day Dinka failed to show up for the talks, and so became part of history.

It is clear that the E.P.R.D.F. would have taken Addis Ababa with or without the approval of Washington. In late February it began moving swiftly out of its northern stronghold, gaining control of a new province every two weeks in a direct drive for the capital. But during preliminary meetings with State Department officials in Khartoum in April, the E.P.R.D.F. agreed that it would not enter Addis Ababa before the talks began. The guerrillas were true to their word.

The United States was thus successful in engineering the desired soft landing. Far fewer were killed than would likely have been the case if E.P.R.D.F. forces had stormed the capital. Unlike other cities in war-torn Eritrea, Asmara was not reduced to rubble by the Ethiopian Air Force in the aftermath of its capture. But the E.P.R.D.F. chose not to formalize a transitional government while in London. It opted instead to convene a broad-based conference in early July in which members of the former government may well participate. Newly supported by the United States in its demand for self-determination in Eritrea, the E.P.L.F. declined to make a unilateral declaration of independence but did announce its intention to form a provisional government. And so the negotiators left London with an "interim administrative authority" running Addis Ababa and a cross between a government and a liberation movement administering what is likely to be Africa's newest country—Eritrea.

Gayle Smith has worked as a journalist and aid worker in the Horn of Africa since the late 1970s.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The London meetings brought an end to thirty years of war in Eritrea and another sixteen in the rest of Ethiopia, wars that have combined to kill several hundred thousand people and set the stage for a cycle of famine that will likely plague the region well into the future. For the first time in more than a decade, relief convoys can move during daylight hours, and the threat of aerial bombardment by the Ethiopian Air Force is a thing of the past. Peace, albeit shaky, is at hand.

But the fundamental conflict remains to be resolved. The carnage that has dominated the Ethiopian landscape for so long has been about the country's very definition, and now that definition is up for grabs. Just who are these "rebels" that the United States has endorsed to lead Ethiopia into the future? The mainstream media have variously described them as "scruffy" and "disciplined," as "hillbillies" and "Marxists." The E.P.R.D.F. is, in fact, scruffy—understandably so, since its fighters hail from some of the poorest regions of one of the world's poorest countries and have never enjoyed the uniforms that external support affords. They are also well disciplined, having fought successfully against the largest standing army in sub-Saharan Africa. "Hillbillies"? Yes, the vast majority of the E.P.R.D.F.'s fighting men and women are from the rural areas of Ethiopia, speak a poor person's dialect and have little formal education save that offered by the movement.

The Marxist label derives more from their words than their deeds. Like a host of revolutionary movements before it, the E.P.R.D.F. frequently refers to "capitalist" and "feudal" elements and pledges to place power in the hands of the people. In fact, the tenet of Marxism most ardently embraced by the main organization behind the E.P.R.D.F.—the northern-based Tigray People's Liberation Front (T.P.L.F.)—has been that of equality. The front has supported land reform programs throughout its areas of control, taught women to plow and provided a counterbalance to the traditional power of the Ethiopian Orthodox Church. Some of its actions would even appear to be contrary to Marxism. Defying the recommendations of relief agencies and donor governments, the T.P.L.F. rejected the idea of nationalizing Tigray's grain reserves at the height of the 1984-85 famine, and its first actions upon taking control of the Tigrayan provincial capital of Makelle were to denationalize housing and loosen market controls.

Public relations have never been the E.P.R.D.F.'s strong suit. In a 1989 statement that still haunts it, another member of the E.P.R.D.F., the Ethiopian People's Democratic Movement, pointed to Albania as the appropriate model for Ethiopia's future. E.P.R.D.F. leader Meles Zenawi now says that what the group found admirable in Albania was its refusal to give up its sovereignty to either of the superpowers, not a surprising observation from a left-of-center movement fighting a regime supported for fifteen years by the Soviet Union.

But labels alone do little to explain just who Ethiopia's new rulers are and what their victory represents. The E.P.R.D.F. has brought about not only the end of seventeen years of ruthless rule but also the end of an era, for when its forces drove into the Ethiopian heartland, they plunged a knife into the heart of "Ethiopia."

According to official myth, Ethiopia traces its roots back some 3,000 years to the union of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. This heritage evokes tremendous national pride among many Ethiopians, particularly the Amhara elite. But a more objective examination of history suggests that what is known today as Ethiopia is a far more recent creation.

Between A.D. 1000 and the end of the last century, Ethiopia was little more than a loose and ever-changing confederation of warring kingdoms and feudal factions whose borders ebbed and flowed with the successes and failures of rival central authorities. "Ethiopia" has at times included chunks of Eritrea, bits of Sudan and parts of what is now Djibouti. By the turn of the century, the Amhara nobility had won out, defeating, among others, the Tigrayan nobility to the north.

The core of the modern Ethiopian state came into being in the late nineteenth century through the masterful manipulation of European colonial interests in the region by the Emperor Menelik II, an Amhara from Shoa. Armed by the Europeans, Menelik expanded his empire, conquering the Oromo people (who today are Ethiopia's largest ethnic group) and replacing their traditional rulers with landlords from the northern highlands. In 1889 Menelik rewarded Italy's support by signing over the Red Sea territory of Eritrea. Administered by the British after Mussolini's demise, Eritrea was federated with Ethiopia through a U.S.-sponsored U.N. resolution in 1952, in part to compensate Menelik's successor, Haile Selassie, for his struggle against Italian Fascism but also to secure U.S. interests in Eritrea's coastal waterways.

Haile Selassie was a clever man. As midwife to the birth of the Organization of African Unity in the 1960s, he insured that the O.A.U. charter embraced "existing colonial borders," thus tying Eritrea inextricably to Ethiopia. In 1962 the Emperor annexed Eritrea outright and declared it Ethiopia's fourteenth province. Neither the O.A.U. nor the United Nations

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever challenged his action or stepped in to address the armed conflict that ensued.

Despite his pronouncements of socialism, Mengistu, like the emperors before him, placed the unity of the country before all else, equating Ethiopian with Amharic culture and sacrificing 200,000 men and the national treasury to defend the integrity of a country that was systematically tearing itself to shreds. Like his predecessors, Mengistu represented a minority, not only in ethnic terms—for the Amhara are less than 25 percent of the country's total population—but also in class terms. And like his predecessors, he pursued policies born of a profound contempt of the peasant majority. His famine tax, forced relocation and resettlement policies were imposed on Tigrayan, Amhara and Oromo peasants alike.

And now the Tigrayans have come to power. Worse yet from the point of view of the Amhara elite, their base of support is not the educated urban class but poor farmers and petty traders. This contempt of the old order for the new is sharply exacerbated by the E.P.R.D.F.'s stated position in favor of self-determination for Eritrea. The E.P.R.D.F. faces no small challenge in trying to convince a population fearful of losing its access to the Red Sea that Eritrean self-determination may well be the best avenue for establishing a fruitful unity between the two countries. Having fought alongside the E.P.L.F. on and off for more than a decade, the E.P.R.D.F. knows that the only way to end the war in Eritrea is to give its people the chance to define their relationship to Ethiopia. In sharp contrast to its predecessors, it has recognized that unity by force is not viable.

But far and away the biggest challenge facing the nascent regime in Addis Ababa is to establish a new political framework in a country where political discourse has been the monopoly of authoritarian rulers and men and women with guns. The E.P.R.D.F. has pledged to hold elections within a year in a country that has never had an election—not even a dishonest one—and has no real history of party politics.

The front is likely to face stiff opposition from the Ethiopian People's Revolutionary Party, a once ultraleft organization that has shifted to the right in recent years, and from a loose alliance organized under the banner of "Ethiopians Against War," which has demonstrated in the streets of Addis Ababa under the slogan "Unity Before Peace." Having gained the support of much of rural northern Ethiopia, the E.P.R.D.F. will also have to work to enlist the south in a new political order. In the final analysis, however, Addis Ababa is the stage upon which the front is likely to be judged.

The E.P.R.D.F. leadership appears to be in good hands. Its chair, Meles Zenawi, a 36-year-old former medical student, is a quiet man and a reluctant leader. Meles has been careful not to present himself as Mengistu's replacement or the E.P.R.D.F. as the country's new government. When asked at a London press conference if he was Ethiopia's new president, he said no, arguing that now the country has not a leader but leadership. Meles has also expressed a desire to see Amnesty International and Africa Watch actively monitor the situation in Ethiopia.

Those who have assumed control until a government is formed now face a gargantuan task. Within four weeks of taking over in the capital, the E.P.R.D.F. must prepare for a conference to form a transitional government, establish law and order and oversee the management of a famine crisis that dwarfs even the 1984-85 disaster.

The United States will also be closely scrutinized as the Ethiopian drama unfolds. Far more significant than its endorsement of the E.P.R.D.F. takeover has been the startling shift in U.S. policy on Eritrea. After years of calling for the Eritrean conflict to be resolved within the framework of Ethiopian territorial integrity, Washington has come out in support of a referendum on Eritrea's status, and there is little doubt that independence will win such a vote hands down. Many Ethiopians have been quick to condemn the U.S. intervention as a pre-arranged plot, but the U.S. dealings in London were remarkably transparent, and it seems highly unlikely that Washington would deliberately engineer the takeover of Addis Ababa by a left-leaning liberation movement virtually unknown to the State Department. This is not to say that the United States did not have its self-interest at heart. Liberia and Somalia, both beneficiaries of massive U.S. support, have loomed large as policy disasters in Africa. The United States also wants some control over the disposition of Eritrea because of the precedent that might be set by the creation of a new state in Africa. A further clear objective of U.S. involvement was the evacuation of the more than 15,000 Ethiopian Jews whom the old regime, in its final and most cynical act, handed over to the Israelis in exchange for an estimated $35 million. Finally, the United States has poured upward of $150 million in relief into Ethiopia annually since 1984, only to watch aid requests escalate with each new fiscal year.

Whatever the outcome, the U.S. intervention in Ethiopia suggests that Washington may be rethinking its policies toward Africa. When Herman Cohen left London he flew straight to Lisbon, where he oversaw the signing of a peace agreement on the war in Angola. This shift may signal the triumph of pragmatism; certainly it suggests that when strategic interests are chipped away, the United States may be capable of doing some good. More cynically put, it may reveal that with the end of the cold war the United States doesn't really care what happens in Africa.

It remains to be seen whether Washington will make good on its commitment to a new order in Ethiopia and Eritrea. Cohen has already warned that no aid will be forthcoming to the new government without democracy, and there is already considerable debate about the nature of the democracy being promoted by the United States elsewhere on the continent.

For Meles Zenawi, democracy means shifting his struggle from a military to a political front and transforming a society with no experience of popular participation into one that can define its own future. The man is not without experience in this: He has overseen the transformation of Tigray from a feudal society to one in which elected village and regional committees choose their own leaders and define their own priorities. But moving from the country to the city is another matter, for what is good for the poor is not always good for the powerful. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

All in the Family

DAVID KAUFMAN

The very ambition to categorize so-called gay literature may be something of a self-defeating proposition: By reflecting the larger world, certainly the better examples of the "genre" transcend any categorical limitations we might infer. To insist otherwise would be to reject the assimilation captured so well in a number of new novels, and to hazard stereotypes that they deny.

This emerges as an inescapable message now that the world of commercial publishing is embracing a range of gay male novelists who refuse to depict the world according to an outmoded dualistic convention of "gay" and "straight" (as if it ever really were that) but rather as a more varied whole, the better to describe the ways in which people lead their lives, regardless of sexual orientation. In this light, what tends to be most remarkable about the fiction of David Leavitt, Paul Monette and even newer comers such as John Weir and Michael Cunningham is how unremarkable their gay characters are. These authors demonstrate that, to pervert the cliché, fiction has always been straighter than truth. (The primary exception in mainstream publishing was to allow for gay coming-of-age novels. But in comparison with the concerns of the new generation, consider how quickly even so fine an example as Edmund White's *A Boy's Own Story* has acquired an Uncle Tomish aura.)

Whether relieved by gallows humor or in relentlessly somber prose, AIDS is of course also a ubiquitous presence in today's fiction, where it has arrived with the same vehemence it has in our lives. Even Alice Hoffman had to get in on the act with *At Risk*, an exploitative and mawkish, summer-breezy novel about an 11-year-old girl ("from a perfectly average middle-class family," as Caryn James wrote in a related profile on Hoffman for *The New York Times*) who contracted AIDS from a blood transfusion. By now it is a truism that, along with playwrights, novelists are keeping pace with the evolution of the virus and its social ramifications in ways that Hollywood and television have been avoiding like the proverbial plague it is.

IN THIS REVIEW

A HOME AT THE END OF THE WORLD. *By Michael Cunningham. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 343 pp. $18.95.*

HALFWAY HOME. *By Paul Monette. Crown. 262 pp. $20.*

FRISK. *By Dennis Cooper. Grove Weidenfeld. 128 pp. $17.95.*

PIZZA FACE. *By Ken Siman. Grove Weidenfeld. 179 pp. $17.95.*

The less obvious but more intriguing point is that the twin *leitmotifs* of assimilation and AIDS are related: The real common denominator, whether the virus is treated explicitly or not, is a coming to terms with lost possibilities, a better understanding of the life that was or might have been, in order to get the most out of the one that remains. This is true not only of so-called AIDS novels such as Weir's *The Irreversible Decline of Eddie Socket*, Monette's *Afterlife* and *Halfway Home*, and David B. Feinberg's *Eighty-Sixed* but also of Ken Siman's *Pizza Face*, set in the 1970s, before AIDS was recognized, and novels such as Cunningham's *A Home at the End of the World*, which treats AIDS peripherally. Deliberately or not, Cunningham's novel and *Halfway Home* are part of a literary movement that testifies that nothing less than a new definition of the American family is in order, one that is more dynamic and capacious, more cognizant of the extended possibilities that have already permeated the society.

Although novels invested in eliminating long-held barriers between gay and straight were earlier apparent in fiction from small presses, only recently have they secured the support of commercial publishers. A turning point in literature was marked less than a decade ago by David Leavitt, with his first collection of short stories, *Family Dancing*, and his first novel, *The Lost Language of Cranes*, neither of which dealt with AIDS per se. (Nor, surprisingly, did Leavitt's second novel, *Equal Affections*, published in 1989, although his more recent story anthology, *A Place I've Never Been*, does to some extent.) But while Leavitt clearly emerges as a pivotal figure for a legion of writers with visions of an increasingly homogenized world, he also asks the question, At what price, penetration? Though he was seized as a gay writer to be reckoned with by the straight literary aristocracy early in his still-young career, the signs already indicate that Leavitt, in the way of most pioneers, may be sacrificed to the unavoidable concessions he made: In Leavitt's fiction, one still finds an opposition between gay and straight sensibilities, perpetuating the clash by default; this begins to explain why some militants consider Leavitt to be more "straight" than "gay."

It is rather in the post-Leavitt landscape that the status has become even more difficult to define, the quo harder to locate—exactly the development worth celebrating. Phrased another way, it's the difference between a gay character and a character who happens to be gay, which is a lot less subtle a distinction than it may at first appear. And although Leavitt was welcomed specifically for making that leap, his mission has thus far been too self-conscious to achieve the results of some of his disciples, most notably Michael Cunningham.

Superficially, *A Home at the End of the World* could be described as a contemporary *Jules and Jim*, albeit with a crucial difference. Told in a series of alternating voices, the story eventually arrives at the triad "marriage" of Jonathan and Bobby, who were adolescent lovers, and Clare, who has a daughter by Bobby. It opens with Jonathan and Bobby's mutually exclusive childhoods, dwelling on their respective family situations in Cleveland in the sixties, before they meet in the seventh grade and their separate narratives begin to account for each other.

After graduating from NYU, Jonathan moves in with Clare, eleven years his elder, to fulfill their deep but purely platonic love for each other. Meanwhile, Bobby lives with Jonathan's parents before joining him and Clare in New York for telling escapades through the decadent '80s. The novel ends more or less today,

David Kaufman, theater critic of Downtown, *is at work on a biography of Charles Ludlam. His reviews appear frequently in* The New York Times Book Review *and* New York Newsday.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in upstate New York, where the three of them settle in get-away-from-it-all ease. But in the final stretch, Clare inexplicably leaves Jonathan and Bobby behind and they continue to nurse Erich, Jonathan's onetime lover who's dying with AIDS.

No matter how familiar or banal *A Home at the End of the World* must sound in summary, Cunningham is in a league with Sybille Bedford for his exquisite way with words and for his uncanny felicity in conveying both his characters and their story through their own internalized impressions. This is quite simply one of those rare novels imbued with graceful insights on every page.

The alternating voices or viewpoints reinforce a pattern of theme and variation that indirectly evokes the social upheavals that have altered so many lives and expectations during the past thirty years. Beyond the specifics of his plot, Cunningham is sure to construct his story by drawing wider connections with the outside world, in effect engendering an anthem that is at once particular and representative.

Here is Jonathan following his first sexual episode with Bobby in his parents' house:

> We mopped up with Kleenexes afterward, and dressed in silence. Once we were dressed, however, Bobby relit the joint and began talking in his usual voice about usual things: the Dead's next concert tour, our plan to get jobs and buy a car together. We passed the joint and sat on the floor of my room like any two American teenagers, in an ordinary house surrounded by the boredom and struggling green of an Ohio spring. Here was another lesson in my continuing education: like other illegal practices, love between boys was best treated as a commonplace. Courtesy demanded that one's fumbling, awkward performance be no occasion for remark.

Here he is a decade later in New York, struggling to understand his relationship with Erich and to position it within the larger picture:

> We'd hoped vaguely to fall in love but hadn't worried much about it, because we'd thought we had all the time in the world. Love had seemed so final, and so dull—love was what ruined our parents. Love had delivered them to a life of mortgage payments and household repairs; to unglamorous jobs and the fluorescent aisles of a supermarket at two in the afternoon. We'd hoped for love of a different kind, love that knew and forgave our human frailty but did not miniaturize our grander ideas of ourselves. It sounded possible. If we didn't rush or grab, if we didn't panic, a love both challenging and nurturing might appear. If the person was imaginable, then the person could exist. And in the meantime, we'd had sex. We'd thought we lived at the beginning of an orgiastic new age, in which men and women could answer without hesitation to harmless inclinations of the flesh. It had been with a sense of my own unlimited choices that I'd made love to a simpleminded flute-playing boy I'd met in Washington Square Park, to an old Frenchman in a purple cashmere jacket I'd met riding the uptown IRT, and to a pair of kindly doctors who sweetened their union by taking on an occasional third party.

Cunningham is in a league with Sybille Bedford for his exquisite way with words and his uncanny felicity in conveying his characters.

Of all the minds we come to inhabit, Clare's is by far the most acerbic and worldly-wise. She is prone to perceive herself in terms of what's happening around her:

> The unexpected disadvantage of modern life is our victory over our own fates. We're called on to decide so much, almost everything, and we're thoroughly informed about repercussions. In another era I'd have had babies in my twenties, when I was married to Denny. I'd have become a mother without quite deciding to. Without weighing the consequences. But Denny and I had at first been too sensible—we were living on my trust money, and he had big ambitions—and then too furious to let ourselves give birth. I did get pregnant accidentally, by a member of Denny's dance troupe who'd told me he was gay. But I'd had it taken care of. At that age, during that time, you skimmed away the extraneous. You kept yourself lean and unencumbered, ready to travel.
>
> Now I wanted a baby, and I wanted to raise it with Jonathan. We could be a new kind of family. A big disjointed one, with aunts and uncles all over town.

Regardless of age or sexual persuasion, the tension for Cunningham's characters emerges with the gradual realization that what is conventional becomes increasingly undesirable to the degree that it proves inadequate and unavailable.

The fourth shifting narrative voice in *A Home at the End of the World* belongs to Alice, Jonathan's mother, who renders a subtle but persistent message regarding the failure of so-called "traditional family values," revealed to be the myth that they are. It is a tribute to Cunningham's sensitivity that Alice is observed as carefully and credibly as his three main characters. Here she is in the middle of the story, pondering her marriage as she's on the verge of moving to Arizona for the sake of her husband's health:

> As I bid my own farewells to the Cleveland kitchen and the pear tree in the back yard I realized I had always planned, in some uncertain way, on leaving him. Or, rather, I had planned on someday having a life beyond our mild domestic comedy, the cordial good cheer of our evening feedings and our chaste, dreamless sleep. The trouble with an even-tempered union is that it refuses to crack—at no point does injustice or hardheartedness provide an opening through which you could walk blamelessly into another way of being. You live in the details: a kitchen arranged just the way you want it, tomatoes ripening on vines you've staked and tied with your own hands. Now Ned was ill, banished to an unfamiliar place, and I could not summon the anger or self-interest I'd have needed to send him there alone.

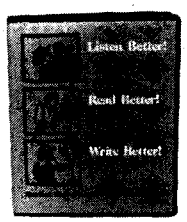
In ineffable but inevitable ways, the "home at the end of the world" that Jonathan, Clare and Bobby build for themselves and their daughter is of course in contrast with their childhoods as the reader experienced them 200 pages earlier. As Bobby, the least contemplative of the trio, puts it, "We're really, you know, not much weirder than any family." Ultimately, their home is also in contrast with the one that only ever really existed on the TV screen, to be marketed by profiteering evangelists and right-wing politicos.

Nor is it coincidence that the "home" of Cunningham's title also shows up on the cover of Paul Monette's latest novel, *Halfway Home*. Probably more than any other writer, Monette has demonstrated just how conventional or mainstream gay relationships can be—even in the midst of the AIDS epidemic.

Published a year ago, *Afterlife*, Monette's previous novel, was also specifically AIDS-related. It seemed naturally

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

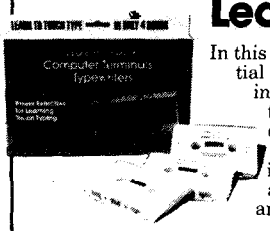
Learn from AUDIO-FORUM® audio cassettes!



Learn to Improve Your Communication

Everyone wants to communicate effectively, whether for business, professional, or personal reasons. With this self-teaching course, you'll learn techniques for improving all aspects of your communication skills — listening, reading comprehension, and writing.

The program was developed by Rob Phillips, communication consultant and a Professor at Oregon State University. Includes 6-cassette album and workbook. Order #S08100, $49.50.

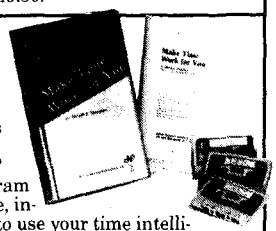


Learn to Touch-Type

In this computer age, touch-typing has become an essential skill everyone should have. This is a unique self-instructional program that will teach you to touch type in only 4 hours, whether you are a beginner or use a 1 or 2-finger "hunt and peck" method.

The program was developed by Incentive Learning Systems and has undergone extensive testing and revision. The program consists of 3 cassettes and an exercise book. Order #S17055, $29.50.

Learn to Make Time Work for You



Does it always seem that there's not enough hours in the day to do all the things you *must* do, let alone finding time to do the things you *want* to do?

Well, don't waste another minute! Here's a program that will show you how to *take control* of your time, instead of letting time *control you*. You'll learn how to use your time intelligently, utilizing techniques that have proven successful for thousands of people.

Program consists of 3 cassettes: (1) *Finding Time to Manage*, (2) *Eliminating Time-Wasters*, and (3) *How to Organize Your Desk and Handle Your Paperwork*. Includes booklet with quizzes and checklists and blank time record forms. Order #S13050, $35.50.

Learn the Power of Self-Esteem

Time after time, studies of groups of successful people have shown that high self-esteem is the one factor common to all those who have made a success of their lives and their relationships with others. This audio-cassette program was created to teach you how to achieve a fuller, happier, and more successful life.

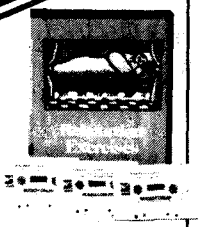
Created by Dr. Nathaniel Branden, a world-renowned psychologist, this program teaches you how to develop elements of healthy self-esteem: self-awareness, self-acceptance, self-responsibility, and self-assertion. Learn how higher self-esteem can energize your creativity and enhance your effectiveness in relationships, and discover how to nurture self-esteem in your children and other loved ones. 9 hrs. on 6 cassettes in vinyl album. Order #S00858, $49.50.

Learn to Cope with Tensions and Anxieties

When was the last time you flew off the handle or overreacted to a minor incident? Or were tense and upset when you wanted to be calm and collected? With this program you can learn to cope with stress and avoid these all-too-human responses to the pressures of daily life.

Dr. Arnold Lazarus, former Director of Clinical Training, Yale University, and now Professor of Psychology at Rutgers University, has developed this program to provide you with specific proven methods of coping. He will teach you a set of rational techniques for dealing with emotional disruption and situations that drain your energies, diminish your perception of self-worth, and lessen your control. 3 cassettes in vinyl album. Order #S05096, $34.50.

This program can be especially valuable when used in conjunction with the author's relaxation exercise tapes described below.



Learn How to Relax

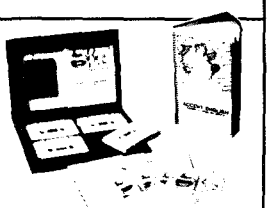
The ability to relax is not something we're born with; instead it's a skill that must be learned. This program, by noted psychologist Arnold Lazarus, will teach you all the six critical stress-reduction exercises necessary to achieve both physical and mental relaxation. The series of progressive exercises on three audio cassettes provides a direct method for overcoming tensions and anxieties. Order #S05006, $34.50.

Learn a Foreign Language

Learn to speak a foreign language fluently on your own and at your own pace with what are considered the finest in-depth courses available. Most were developed by the Foreign Service Institute for the U.S. Department of State for diplomatic personnel who must learn a language quickly and thoroughly. Emphasis is on learning to speak and to understand the spoken language. A typical course (equivalent to a college semester) includes an album of 12 to 18 audio cassettes, (15 to 24 hours), recorded by native-born speakers, plus a 250-page textbook.

French	#AFF170	$175	Mandarin Chinese	#AFM201	$175
French Level II	#AFF181	$195	Portuguese	#AFP151	$195
German	#AFG141	$175	Russian	#AFB101	$235
Greek	#AFR301	$175	Saudi Arabic	#AFA234	$175
Hebrew	#AFH345	$235	Spanish	#AFS101	$175
Italian	#AFZ501	$175	Spanish Level II	#AFS121	$145
Japanese	#AFJ401	$175	Swedish	#AFK501	$175
Korean	#AFQ800	$195			

Learn the Sounds of American English



With *Accent English*, you can improve and perfect your ability to speak American English clearly and easily. You'll learn how to form the sounds that are particularly difficult for you to pronounce. Utilizing audio cassettes, visual aid cards, and a mirror, you'll learn the appropriate lip and mouth positions, stress, pause, phrasing, and intonation patterns.

Designed for the advanced student, each program consists of 4 cassettes (90 min. each), 144-p. book, 42 visual aid cards, and mirror, packaged in a handsome vinyl album. Also included is an introductory "Listen to Me First" cassette with pre- and post-test. Each program is $79.50; be sure to specify the version wanted.

#SEN125. Arabic Speakers
#SEN150. Chinese Speakers
#SEN165. French Speakers
#SEN190. Indonesian Speakers
#SEN170. Japanese Speakers
#SEN175. Korean Speakers
#SEN195. Russian Speakers
#SEN180. Spanish Speakers
#SEN210. Tagalog Speakers
#SEN185. Vietnamese Speakers

AUDIO-FORUM Room E730, 96 Broad Street, Guilford, CT 06437

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Method of Payment: ☐ Check enclosed
☐ MC ☐ VISA ☐ AmEx ☐ Diners

Account # _____

Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

ORDER #	ITEM	QTY	TOTAL

SHIPPING CHARGE		
Up to $25	$3.50	Subtotal
$25.01-$50	$4.50	CT Residents add sales tax
$50.01-$100	$5.50	
$100.01-$250	$7.50	← Shipping
Each add'l $100 or part thereof add $1.50.		TOTAL

CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-243-1234 Fax: 203-453-9774

Satisfaction Guaranteed: Any product purchased from Audio-Forum may be returned within 3 weeks for full refund.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to follow *Borrowed Time*, his deeply moving nonfiction account of his lover's protracted death from AIDS. But if the three central figures or "widowers" in *Afterlife* are primarily concerned with getting beyond their grief over their respective lovers' deaths, *Halfway Home* invests far more in confronting the secrets buried in one's youth and upbringing. As with Cunningham, we're offered a sharp contrast between the all-American nuclear family and the more extended kind that, for many, has replaced it.

He had 'outwitted . . . pain by having this family . . . not those far-off blood strangers.'

For Tom Shaheen, the thirtysomething narrator whose days are numbered in *Halfway Home*, the end of the journey requires a painful number of backward steps before he can move forward. At the beginning of the novel, Tom observes, "Generally I don't waste a minute . . . figuring how short my time is. I've been at this thing for a year and a half, three if you count all the fevers and rashes. I operate on the casual assumption that I've still got a couple of years, give or take a galloping lymphoma. Day to day I'm not a dying man, honestly." He also recognizes that his own truncated circumstances have a beneficial effect on those around him: "I've found that since my illness I can cut right to the chase with my friends, demanding that they jettison the bullshit from their lives. I am like the toller of the bell: my very presence seizes them with how little time is left."

During the course of the story, which spans a few weeks and is set outside Los Angeles, Tom is visited by his despised older brother, Brian, whom he hasn't seen in nine years. For the first time, he meets his homophobic sister-in-law as well as his young nephew, in whom he sees himself as a child. The presence of Brian's family prompts Tom to re-evaluate his own miserable childhood in Connecticut, entailing an abusive alcoholic father and sordid sex scenes with his brother.

In contrast to the parallel lines drawn between these two unhealthy family situations, Tom is protected and nourished in the present by Mona, who still operates the performance art club they co-founded some years ago, and by Gray, the older man with whom he falls in love as the novel progresses. Referring to Mona and Gray in the midst of one of the many crises Monette whips up, Tom tells himself, "I felt a sharp and guilty pang of relief that the two of them were here. As if I had somehow outwitted the deepest pain by having this family instead, and not those far-off blood strangers who'd just been obliterated."

After Brian and his wife and son arrive at Tom's to escape a "billion-dollar ripoff of federal housing funds" in which Brian is implicated back East, Tom muses,

> We couldn't really talk about the future, because for them there wasn't any yet, and as for me, forget it. They all seemed to be feeling hopelessly misunderstood by each other, bruised into silence. In the days of our old family, even before I could talk, I gave up the idea of being understood. Perhaps these three just had nothing else to say, with their house and former lives in smithereens. I wondered if an outsider, wandering in right now, would even know they were a family. Because if it was Mona and Gray and Foo and me, anyone would know.

Given Monette's slick pop-fiction style and enough melodramatic twists to betray aspirations for a movie-of-the-week sale, the fact that there's also depth and breadth to *Halfway Home* might be overlooked. While there is still too much reliance on plot, as some reviewers found in previous novels by Monette, such a drawback is compensated for not only by hip expression but also by an economy of theme. A tendency in *Afterlife* to veer in too many directions at once is surmounted in *Halfway Home*. As realized in the final pages, Tom's touching reconciliation with Brian is like a magnet that draws all other elements of the narrative into a culminating perspective on families, from the ones that chose us to the ones we choose.

Though *Halfway Home* revolves around AIDS, which figures only as a hovering presence (and then, only in the later part) in *A Home at the End of the World*, it would appear to be a vacant topic in Dennis Cooper's latest novel, *Frisk*. But vacancy is a key to any appreciation of *Frisk*. And even though Cooper's notorious obsession with a connection between sex and death precedes AIDS (as Cooper himself has written elsewhere, "AIDS ruined death"), sooner or later it brings to mind grimmer aspects of an epidemic that has been permitted to flourish for too long.

Considering its arrival in the wake of the vacuous *American Psycho*, there will probably be a temptation to dismiss *Frisk* as imitatively sensationalistic. Unquestionably, it is equally grotesque and disturbing to read. But if Bret Easton Ellis's irredeemably disgusting claptrap has become merely the latest rallying point for a rebellion against its type of content, it would be a shame to lose sight of Cooper's more meaningful accomplishment. It is a far more worthwhile literary exercise, even as it brings to mind much earlier literary curiosities and ventures into gay sadomasochism—such as Alfred Chester's *The Exquisite Corpse*, and *The Story of Harold*, which was published under the pseudonym Terry Andrews and prompted wild speculation as to who the author really was.

Cooper has never enjoyed Ellis's popularity or success (nor will he, in view of his propensity for subversive literary experimentation and his eschewal of standard narrative formats), but he has been forging his de Sade–like investigations since the 1970s and was writing about psychosexual serial murders at least by 1982, when *Tenderness of the Wolves* was published. In *Frisk*, Cooper achieves precisely the virtues that Ellis apparently sought in *American Psycho*.

Frisk is unequivocally concerned with what happens after you've "stopped feeling anything," what remains on the other side of excess, the emptiness that needs to be filled. Or as another character says, "You can get used to anything. Then you stop feeling, you just respond, your brain reduces the world to . . . whatever."

On its most forthright level, the story traces the path of a first-person narrator who happened upon some pornographic photos as an adolescent that "went on to completely direct or destroy my life in a way." We follow him as he moves from Los Angeles through New York and finally to Amsterdam, into ever creepier recesses of his own sick mind. He becomes "totally removed from almost everyone," investing all of his energies in an intense, suppressed "interest in sexual death."

Along the way, he meets various hustlers and punks who, via the deadening effects of drugs, become passive accomplices to his heinous acts. "My perfect type," says the narrator, named Dennis no less, "tends to be distant, like me. I don't mean matter-of-fact, I mean shut tight. Like he's protecting himself from other people or pain or both by excising himself from the world in every way, apart

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the obvious physical stuff you need to get by such as walk, talk, eat, etc."

Cooper is indeed matter-of-fact, and it is precisely the chilling effect of his deadpan tone, his relentless objectivity, that captures our attention and retains it through the extensive pornographic passages. The sex itself somehow becomes incidental to the pathology that motivates it. His obsession inevitably leads to episodes of repugnant murders, described in grisly detail that seems designed to stretch human comprehension.

After his first of a series of murders, Dennis reflects, "I guess I'd fantasized killing a boy for so long that all the truth did was fill in details. The feeling was already planned and decided for ten years at least." In Amsterdam, he hooks up with two German thugs who periodically accompany him to the windmill he lives in, where the unspeakable acts are committed. "They're as fucked up as I am, just not as intelligent. They kill guys because it's a kick, whereas for me it's religious or something."

Throughout the narrative, Dennis refers to his intention of better understanding his obsession by writing a book about his fantasies, which obviously becomes the one we're reading. Though in the end, the murders are exposed as fabrications, S&M tales within S&M tales, Cooper has made his point just the same: The effect of reading *Frisk* is to make us impervious to our own disgust at a profusion of violence, possibly mimicking our long-term response to TV and the daily news.

Perhaps the most telling and truly autobiographical passage is one that indirectly alludes to AIDS:

> I just realized the major reason I'm so nonchalant about death is that no one I knew ever died until the last few years, when I was already pretty removed and amoral. Before then, someone else dying was strictly a sexual fantasy, a plot device in certain movies I liked. When people died in those contexts, the loss or effect or whatever was already laundered before it reached me. It was a loss to a particular storyline, say, but nothing personal. So now that ex-boyfriends have started to die off, the situation is really unique, even incomprehensible. The only thing I can do, friends and journalists tell me, is cry. But the idea of death is so sexy and/or mediated by TV and movies I couldn't cry now if someone paid me to, I don't think.

What is *Frisk*, finally, if not an indictment of a generation left to drown in a flood of images? As Bataille once wrote regarding his notion that literature is evil, "This concept does not exclude morality: on the contrary, it demands a 'hypermorality.' " But while Cooper is most intriguing for the heavy dose of morality he divulges through his perfectly amoral or numb tone, *Frisk* remains less than satisfying as a novel, which may be unavoidable for an author who repeatedly sets out to mock the novel as a form.

What is Frisk, *if not an indictment of a generation left to drown in a flood of images?*

Though the world that Cooper portrays is exclusively gay, *Frisk* still subscribes to the current batch of novels that document coming of age in the past few decades—its chapter titles are dated, 1969-89. By focusing on a young protagonist who is decidedly an outsider, *Pizza Face*, a debut novel by Ken Siman, would seem at first to refute the notion of assimilation. But the bitterly hilarious and raucously painful story of Andy is finally the chronicle of growing up an awkward gay loner in suburban North Carolina in the 1970s, only to discover just how mixed the world really is.

Both chronologically and thematically, *Pizza Face* falls somewhere between *The Catcher in the Rye* and *The Buddha of Suburbia*, with Andy posed as a Holden Caulfield of a different stripe. Throughout adolescence, Andy (who later moves to Washington) finds himself the brunt of cruel practical jokes but loses himself in collecting political paraphernalia, from campaign buttons to the recipes of a governor's wife. Siman's satire is scathing in its farcical insights on politics, but the focus remains on Andy's coming to see that his gangly, misspent youth was a lot more typical than it had seemed.

At a disco in Washington,

> Andy danced for only half a song. When Sean got off the dance floor, Andy asked him, "Um, what percentage of gay men have anal sex?" He was doing a lot of percentage figuring, analyzing Senate races for Aaron. He figured Sean might know. "I don't know. More than half." Sean went back to dance. Andy walked around the place; he knew he was supposed to make eye contact. No luck. He remembered his mother, when she told him she'd rather have him crippled than queer. What if he were crippled, in a wheelchair? Would it be easier than this? Handicapped people probably made eye contact whenever they came across one another.

Although Siman's account ends pointedly just before the tragedy of AIDS would begin to manifest itself, *Pizza Face* seems to be taking its fictional cues from novels that are specifically concerned with the subject—namely, it echoes the haywire satirical approaches of Feinberg in *Eighty-Sixed* and Weir in *The Irreversible Decline of Eddie Socket*. (Weir manages the feat of mixing comedy and compassion to concoct one of the wittiest characters of any age or persuasion, incidentally, while Feinberg obtains his success to some extent by toying with homosexual self-loathing, thereby reinforcing a straight-world stereotype.) While Siman effectively reaffirms humor as a defense against the social disease of homophobia, the power of the physical disease we face drew a similar response from Monette, in *Halfway Home*. The narrator, Tom Shaheen, has just encountered an old friend in the hospital, stricken, like himself, with the virus:

> Ed had somehow segued from coughing to laughing, practically holding his sides with mirth, or trying to keep his tubes in. "Tom," he gasped, "I heard you were *dead*!"
>
> Oh it was priceless, how black the humor could get. I gave out with a chortle in response, and then the three of us were whinnying merrily at the absurdity of keeping track of who was still alive. When in doubt—no Christmas card two years running—assume the worst. And as for the gray areas, the half-dead, look at Ed Bernardo, for Chrissakes. Was I really so sick I could laugh at *that*? The fifty pounds he'd shed, the straggle of thirteen hairs on his head, where he used to sport a ponytail. His mottled face, at once gray as a dead fish and weirdly ruddy, as if he'd stood downwind of a hydrogen bomb. Yet we laughed like kids in a graveyard.

Indeed, AIDS has not only eclipsed but also intensified the process of this thing we call life, for an entire generation of writers old before their time. It is a matter of supreme irony that gays should be coming to life in such numbers on the page, assimilated into mainstream publishing, just as we are dying in such numbers on the street. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poetry Sampler

Here is the first of what will be an occasional package of poems. The half-dozen here have a remarkable range of styles, emotions and circumstances; we're struck by their breadth, and by their depth of feeling. Their diversity notwithstanding, all are in a great American tradition that would vivify ordinary people, things and places, foreign and domestic, rural and urban. They are poems of fact and of sense perceptions, of joy and anger, large, hard-edged, full of wonder.

—Grace Schulman

MURMUR

Only these black translucent wings
fluttering my chest move me more than you.
move me to a skipping,
sputtering heartbeat
not driven by passion.

Like the house where I grew up
I fear I am poorly constructed
—cheap parts and a jack-leg job.
I fear this house will not stand.
So our house cannot be built.

Was it the thinning, spidery air?
not the course, winds that smacked
eyes open, on the North Star.

Was it the sludgy Schuylkill river?
not the cool baptism water that gave fire
a quickening power to midwives of marchers.
Was it the stripped earth?
that yields only skeins of collards,
beans and yams?

Bones that fed the Atlantic floor,
the Southern soil, are still falling
heavier than mine.
As individual cells all over the earth
dim and blink out in the darkness.
Our inner fire next time.

Great Grandmom came screaming part Cherokee
into North Carolina in 1853
much stronger than mom

who slid blonde and high yellow
into North Philadelphia
stronger than I will ever be.

With this fluttering heart teetering
between this world and the next.
The blood backwashes in mighty bursts
like the tide of Togo, where we honeymoon
and search for memories in the sand.

Like the tide of Togo,
quiet to the millions underwater, below
but, to the upper world,
loud, ferocious
and a killer.

Esther Iverem

DOMOV

This time the apples are on the trees,
yellow, and earth winters deeply;
hectares of wheat blow
in one direction like silk,
like meters of silk on tarnished stems,
and this time I am not afraid.
I have been reading Havel's letters
to his wife, Olga. What matters,
he wrote her, is how deep within you
lies the longing for meaning,

which I am able to understand
on this morning driving east
as autumn settles over Czechoslovakia.
Oak forests steep in gold.
A tangerine bathes
the country's reiterating stucco,
even small lanes lie open
to gilding (as do the telephone wires;
they shimmer with morning gilt).
Yet it is cold. Cold enough to snow,
and the light splinters our shadows
as we pass through villages of farms.

Through a fence I see a woman
bent over her last green cabbages,
and in the next field a soldier
training his dog. "The order of human work,"
Havel called it, doubtless remembering
how many people carry sacks of potatoes
at this time of year—reminded
how patient the laborers are,
the ones who repair
the polluted surfaces
of small churches by hand.

"You realize your 'other'
normal world . . . physically exists,"
he wrote her from inside
concrete walls (having learned to travel
rims of imagination to reach home);
words I feel on the orange air
as *Krähe*, those black crows from Russia,
provide the earth
with fielding shadows of their forms.
Will they remember what Russia is
that this is not, I wonder?
"The heavens make the stars
what they are," Havel perceived
from prison, which must be why
I'm not afraid on this morning,
driving south into the infinite silence
of a Bohemian fall: Freedom
needs a curtain to be brought to meaning.
Stirred by the cold, we watch
the oblivious birds wheel,
like bands of airships in a rouge sky.

Anne Babson Carter

(In Czech, *Domov* expresses a sense of belonging greater than its literal translation, "home." All quotations are from *Letters to Olga*, by Vaclav Havel.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NAPHTHA

The gabardine phantom of my pants
-presser-father has landed
in the lampshade livingroom.
He's changed from his burial suit
into the usual garb, a battered
jacket with sheepskin lining.
I watch him fold this over
the davenport, crown the arm
with the brown felt fedora.
The naphtha from the cleaning
plant has settled in my eyes.

Dad pulls a stubborn pencil
from his left workshirt pocket,
tackles its point with a pearl
handled fishing knife. I hear
the rapid rub of graphite,
his baritone hum. Leaning
further from the doorframe,
I strain to read the page.
And it's only my fingers
that keep me from falling.

Chris Llewellyn

SLOW RIVER

Every river
is two rivers.
The one curling

like smoke
around islands of birch
and pine, defining

itself in drift
and eddy, the whorl of rapids
over rocks. The other

the slow river
beneath the river
from which a turtle rises

like the first thought
of the first man
and takes one human breath

before it returns, the rock
of its back bearing it down,
down where the current

is so slow
time seems a dream
you can wake from.

I confess
I have seen this river
in the dark behind my eyes

and wished I could drift in it
forever, silent, oblivious
to the water, above,

battering so beautifully
the rocks that live
in both worlds.

David Jauss

WRAPPING THE BODY

Sheets tossed underhand
to the floor
below the window,
a plastic pad, pool-liner blue,
positioned next to his ear,
collects wet discards.
He lies supine,
and you strip him down
to flesh and tubes,
all wounds open
and facing God.
Cotton, fingered into orifices,
blind probing, removing
what remains: a bridge
of teeth, a capsule, a pocket
of unswallowed juice;
in the bed: paper,
a thermometer, a pen cap.
Not an unusual
pile. Delicately
unthreading intravenous
like removing a hair
from your lover's tongue,
you jam gauze squarely
on the pinhole and hold.
Squeezing, *twenty-eight*,
twenty-nine, (and who
lets a man suffer
like this?). "No nurse shall
let any man stand
in the way of humane
and therapeutic care
of the sick," *Nursing 101*,
and AnnMarie told you
how much money the hospital
makes from each bed.
He should have, *fifty-eight*,
died at home, *fifty-nine*,
(releasing your grip),
sixty. Some oozing,
put a bandaid on it,
lose the wrapper. While
log-rolling and fast-working
a plastic barbecue cloth,
underneath his corpse,
he falls from side to back
with a slap; your hand
to raw chicken. His head
rocks and stops straight up,
with half closed eyes—Prince
of Darkness. "Almost all patients lie
with their faces to the light."
You cross his wrists, tape
them together; ditto,
the ankles. Loop-knot
name and number to the neck
of his great toe. Center
the body and fold
the synthetic shroud around
the feet into a triangle

HOW TO JEOPARDIZE A PERFECTLY GOOD FRIENDSHIP.

Give someone you care about a gift subscription to *The Nation*.

In all likelihood, the recipient will get just as enraged, worked up and aggravated about the issues the magazine covers as our regular subscribers do.

That's because *The Nation* covers those issues with a critical spirit and an independent perspective that set us apart from other publications. Which isn't surprising, since it's written by such original thinkers as Alexander Cockburn, Kirkpatrick Sale and Frances FitzGerald.

And politics isn't all we cover. Our subscribers also enjoy our writing on the arts, which is of such extraordinary clarity and intelligence that it alone is worth the price of a subscription.

So maybe you should give *The Nation* as a gift after all.

Just be sure your relationship can stand it.

The Nation.
Subscribing to our principles isn't enough.

YES! I THINK MY RELATIONSHIP CAN TAKE IT. Please send 47 issues of *The Nation* to the following people at the gift rate of $44 for the first gift and just $22 for each additional gift. And send a card announcing the subscription(s).

GIFT TO _____ (Please print)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
GIFT FROM (Your name) _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Enclosed is $_____ for _____ subscription(s).
☐ Bill me later.

Foreign surface postage: add $18/47 issues.
Air Mail rates available upon request.
Subscriptions payable in U.S. funds.

THE NATION
P.O. BOX 10791, DES MOINES, IA 50340-0791

G1GI1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATION REPRINTS

S&Ls, Big Banks and Other Triumphs of Capitalism

Robert Sherrill tells the sordid story of the looting decade. It's a feisty account that shows how the S&L crisis was created, how the taxpayers were betrayed by their elected officials and government regulators, who the chief scoundrels are and why the current bailout is a disaster. Most important, Sherrill warns that the Feds, in willful ignorance of the lessons of the S&L disaster, are moving rapidly toward further deregulation of the big banks—a move that could lead to even greater financial disaster. This issue's importance is intensified by today's headlines. *(November 19, 1990)*

The American Neo-Nazi Movement Today

Elinor Langer's well-researched and chilling look at the growth of skinhead, neo-Nazi and white supremacist hate groups with direct ideological links to the original Nazi movement. Langer concludes that something deeply disturbing is indeed happening here—something every American should comprehend and confront. *(July 16/23, 1990)*

How on Earth?—Strategies For a Habitable Planet

The Nation's special Earth Day 1990 issue features bold articles by Barry Commoner and Kirkpatrick Sale outlining down-to-earth technological and political strategies for preserving the planet. Commoner argues that government regulation has failed to persuade American corporations to clean up their act, and Sale argues that Earth Day 1990 commemorated the problem, not the solution. "To succeed," according to the issue's lead editorial, "environmental politics needs a movement." The solutions offered here are radical, but so is the problem. *(April 30, 1990)*

'Fetal Rights'—A New Assault on Feminism

Katha Pollitt focuses on the anti-choice forces' new strategy: persecuting women who carry or give birth to drug dependent or alcoholic children. Pollitt tells how mothers are being portrayed as "the major threat to unborn babies." Already in wide demand for college textbooks and academic courses in many disciplines. *(March 26, 1990)*

Scapegoating the Black Family

Guest-edited and written by African-American women, this important *Nation* issue debunks the myths and exposes the reality of the black family. Margaret B. Wilkerson, Jewell Handy Gresham, Faye Wattleton and others. With a final appeal/challenge to America by speaker, activist and author Ossie Davis. This issue has received widespread attention in academic circles and was nominated for a National Magazine Award. *(July 24/31, 1989)*

The Lords of the Global Village

Mergers and takeovers are transforming the information business, creating companies worth billions of dollars and concentrating power and ownership in the hands of a few. Ben H. Bagdikian, author of *The Media Monopoly*, examines the growth of these giant communication combines, and profiles such media barons as Rupert Murdoch and Robert Maxwell. This special issue is essential to all students of the media, in or out of the classroom. *(June 12, 1989)*

REPRINTS (each title)	Qty.	Name/Date	Total
1-9: $4.00 ea.			
10-49: $2.50 ea.			
50-99: $1.50 ea.			
100-249: $1.25 ea.			
250 or more: $1.00 ea.			

N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax _____

Total Enclosed _____

SEND TO:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

Mail check or money order to Nation Reprints, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. **Prepayment is required. All reprint sales are final.**

Foreign orders (including Canada): Add $1 per issue. Payment must be made with an international money order (no service charge) or from a U.S.-dollar account (add service charge: Canada, $5; all others, $15).

NR9126

and tuck, while taping up and up
to the blue head. Chin strapped
shut, a ceremonious touch
to both lids, and again,
a gift-box corner.

MaryJo Mahoney

SON'S BLUES

Earlier that evening,
  when the heat eased up
And the red dust more powdery than flour
  drifted down,
Sifted through the day
  by what breezes there were,

When the air was so hushed
  you could hear the cottonstalks drying
And the weeds, unkillable,
  unfurling their new-growth in the dark,
Another sound carried out over the fields.
  It was like being in church,

But better—Pappy, loafing on a porch,
  toasting a drink and flirting,
Picking at an old guitar, coaxing
  or choking out with a bottleneck
The wails and drawn-out moans the heart would make
  if it could make such sounds

And live. I was at a window
  waiting for you, looking out over the yard—
The toys, some of them, scattered and broken—
  the yard itself knit together
By the hard, raised clusters of bermuda,
  its long, white runners leaking away

Almost bladeless, so intent on
  getting on with things. And then the clouds
Crowded up, and for the longest time
  all I could hear
Was that low, frying sound
  a light rain makes—

It was there,
  insistent, as you hurried up
The walk, laughing, your face misted with it,
  and when I kissed you I could
Hear it, and under
  your breathing my name

And the brittle scent
  of your hair
Filling my mouth—
  even as we lay together, stilled,
You drifting
  and the rain long ended,

I could hear it, it was there.

Arthur Smith

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATER.

MARGARET SPILLANE

May, the Month of Lust and Revolution
From the Mississippi Delta
George Bush at Yale
A Moon for the Misbegotten

Driving to Hartford the other night to see Company One Theater's latest production, *May, the Month of Lust and Revolution*, I was caught in a sudden, blinding rainstorm so violent that my car seemed to be hurtling me toward certain death on I-91. Just before my exit I inched past ambulances and police cars surrounding an eighteen-wheel tractor-trailer with a little pickup truck squashed like a moth against its side. I arrived late for the performance and was so shaken that I had no idea what the first fifteen minutes of script were about.

But they were a blissful fifteen minutes nonetheless, as were all the minutes that followed: *Lust and Revolution* was a hot, fragrant Jacuzzi into which I slipped without resistance. Although this was a staged reading of five short radio plays in which the audience was called upon to provide a number of sound effects, Company One made sure that the visual as well as aural delights were ample and surprising. Seven women and men—four actors, three sound-effects artists—arranged themselves onstage in what looked like an ad hoc array of red, white and black garments (bustiers, lace gloves, Spandex shorts, neckerchiefs, dinner jackets). Before the stage stood two conductors—one for the actors, one for the audience—in similarly humorous and sexy get-up, whipping up breaths, bleats, cries and melodies that transformed into shapes suggesting librarians and spaceships, gods and walk-up apartments. Alongside either edge of the narrow performance space hung curved lengths of fishnet studded with feathers, while the wall behind shimmered with projections of alluring or violent images from the paintings of Ernst, Boucher, Delacroix and Caravaggio. With this generous kit of sensual aids, Company One told stories about a love affair undone by government intervention, neighborhood block-watch groups committing espionage, a utopian look at love in the future, a discourse on self-realization from an orbiting starship and a guided tour of the environment's erotic components.

As for the audience participation, Company One engaged onlookers in a far more compelling way than the usual "Please-sing-the-chorus-with-us" stuff. Following the crisp cues of the conductor, the audience provided appreciative background noises—political chants at a demonstration, librarians shhh-ing, winds moaning—designed to enhance the experience of the radio listeners at home. But as a member of the live audience, I think my experience was maximal: How thrilling it felt to sit amidst a sea of human voices swelling and ebbing in remarkable unison; among people all pounding fists against chests to make the sound of one giant beating heart; amidst row upon row of loud wet kissing sounds made by smacking lips against forearms.

My vote for the snappiest play of the evening went to Donna DiNovelli's *Lust: A How-To Guide*, an enthusiastic examination of the material components of the erotic experience—not just the kind that takes place behind closed doors but also the kind that charges ordinary experiences in supermarkets, on beaches, in traffic. DiNovelli's prodigious curiosity unearths a gleeful inventory of lust-enhancing elements that include the singing sands of Mt. Sinai (they make a nice, massaging, low-pitched sound). Maybe a desert hum is just the erotic accessory you've been looking for: Shouldn't your radio be offering you the opportunity to find out?

How sad, then, that such sweet sounds and suggestions as could make your radio perform at once like a hypnotist and a vibrator were not available nationwide but only on two Hartford-area FM stations. Why has National Public Radio had so little luck at arousing a large-scale theater-of-the-ear constituency in America? At the risk of giving aid and comfort to the Anglophiles, let me point out that for decades the BBC radio has offered radio plays every single day. The Beeb has encouraged an enormous number of literary talents, including Joe Orton, Brendan Behan and Sylvia Plath, to write scripts for the British radio audience—and a remarkably broad and heterogeneous audience they have built.

We're living without radio theater not because NPR is convinced that Americans won't follow a plot that doesn't offer moving pictures: In the 1980s that network floated a brave little series called *EARPLAY*. The real cowards are the local NPR affiliates (such as the one I'm stuck with, Connecticut Public Radio), which only occasionally rouse themselves from their sleepy formats to promote effectively any NPR innovation. Nor are many affiliates willing to give an unusual program the sufficiently long trial period it takes to develop an audience. And the thought of projects with lust and revolution in the title makes station program directors shake in their corporate-sponsored boots. So for now you'll either have to drive to Hartford to hear Company One, or else throw darts at your local affiliates until they wake up.

Across town from Company One, another kind of lust and revolution is blazing brightly. At the Hartford Stage, three African-American actresses who are the cast of *From the Mississippi Delta* assume the characters, colors and genders of a wide variety of Delta people. Throughout the play these three wear the same threadbare secondhand dresses, the kind that well-heeled folks feel generous about offering as gifts to their domestic servants rather than cutting the clothes into dustrags. But upon such skinflint gifts and short-change wages, many a domestic worker has applied her stamina and her stubborn persistence to shape a world in which her own knowledge of beauty and justice can have authority.

And such is the case in *Delta*. Three brilliant ensemble players—Cheryl Lynn Bruce, Sybil Walker and Jacqueline Williams—summon up the work climate and family lives of black women in rural Mississippi. Performing on a stage of spare design—an ironing board, a chair, a window frame hanging in midair, some potted petunias—the actresses commit their talents first and foremost in service to the story, never allowing an individual performance to shine more brightly than the tale itself. That exquisite forbearance lets emerge the story's own raw power to heal, to give hope, to mete out justice.

Most of the tales in *Delta* revolve around the lives of two brave and resourceful women, Aint Baby and her daughter, Phelia. Performing small material transformations is what these women's lives are all about: Early in her work life Aint Baby does ironing for white women and becomes renowned for pressing so sharp a crease in a pair of trousers that they could stand up by themselves. Later Aint Baby becomes certified as a midwife. Phelia might have struggled on a path similar to her mother's were it not for another transforming influence: the arrival

Margaret Spillane is a writer and painter living in New Haven.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the civil rights movement in her town.

Playwright Endesha Ida Mae Holland made this autobiographical play as she would make a quilt, taking modest pieces of fabric that would otherwise go ignored and patiently and deliberately organizing them into something both resplendent and enduringly useful. This is not to say that all the panels of this quilt are equally well crafted. In the second act, several scenes—one of a fire, another of a funeral—seem to have been stitched in with more concern for their lyrical shape than for the horror at the heart of each.

But *Delta* also contains two of the most astonishing dramatic moments I have ever seen onstage. One happens during the story of how 11-year-old Phelia, hired ostensibly to baby-sit in a well-off white family's home, is lured upstairs and summarily raped. The whole incident takes only a few seconds, on a stage completely empty except for two actresses—one playing the utterly immobile white woman standing by at her husband's bidding, and the other as the child suddenly flung down on her back, her face a mask of uncomprehending pain, her ambushed limbs a wreath of fierce angles.

The other astonishing scene: Aint Baby presiding at the birth of a couple's thirteenth child. I know of no other work of art that has better depicted childbirth as the risk that it always is, with the shadow of fatal possibilities always flickering at the doorway. And this midwife's wisdom extends far beyond the clinical skills for which she got her certification. With an eloquence issuing from the sinews in her neck and the muscles of her arms, with her fingertips measuring herbs and her lips shaping an invocation, Aint Baby is a fierce vessel enclosing centuries of African healing wisdom. On the night I attended not a soul in the audience dared breathe as this medicine woman wrenched mother and child from the threshold of death and planted them solidly among the living.

Lest some Heritage Foundation bootstrap-boosting honcho wander into the Hartford Stage glowing with the idea that *From the Mississippi Delta* is a paean to individual enterprise, let me disabuse that bozo right here. Aint Baby regards her midwife's certificate not as an emblem of superiority over her neighbors but as a means to guarantee that their community will carry on. Even Phelia's eventual triumph in the larger world—earning academic honors at a university up North—is no flight from home ground. When Phelia uses her cap-and-gowned moment of glory to name every single person from the Delta and beyond who ever extended love and wisdom to her, she seems to rise atop a pyramid made of their names, their unseen lives unearthed by the act of naming.

Down in New Haven, the season's most ballyhooed theatrical event was all about who *wasn't* being named. In this time when theaters across America worry about declining box-office receipts, the Yale Corporation could teach them all a thing or two about audience development. Weeks of tease-and-deny publicity before the opening of *Guess Who's Coming to Commencement* whipped ticket seekers into a frenzy. Every third-tier Yale bureaucrat unwittingly turned into a mini-Ticketron, as non-Yale friends shook down their inside connections for passes to the George Bush show that nobody would even admit was happening.

The George Bush Show *is a spinoff of the Robert Young oeuvre.*

But before the sun rose on Memorial Day, New Haven was abuzz with the news that the circus was indeed coming to town. New Haven's airport was shut down. Downtown streets were sealed off. And the Big Top was Yale's Old Campus, under billowing blue and white awnings. Instead of the usual elephant-and-clown parade, there were processions of bomb-sniffing dogs and Secret Service agents, the latter inscrutable behind their Vuarnets as they listened to orders uttered through curlicues of wire climbing from somewhere inside their shirts up to plugs in their ears.

Part of the pre-show publicity tease promised the thrill of passing through an S&M funhouse of high-tech surveillance apparatus. But while thousands of ticket-holders stood in snaking lines to enjoy the rush of engaging with security, I managed to walk through the ivy-covered metal detectors without ever showing a ticket. Members of the press were issued white tags on blue cords. Denied a press pass by a very overwrought Director of Public Information, I had no problem being seated in the press section anyway, since I was wearing a plain blue cord around my neck. However, a Yale press-office apparatchik hustled *New York Times* columnist Jane Brody away from the front row of the press section even though Brody prominently displayed her *Times* press tags. Quoth the flack: "That's not adequate identification."

Then came the other tried and true publici-tease—make 'em wait. Twenty thousand antsy fans on folding chairs did what any audience would do if left waiting long enough: They picked fights with one another. One Yale senior rolled up the sleeves of his commencement robes and slugged a couple of people holding anti-Bush signs. A paunchy blue-blazered alumnus approached a reporter and asked if he'd like a punch in the face. For forty-five minutes, a seated family of tanned suburbanites harassed an elderly woman left without a chair, screaming that she should sit on the dirt. When Bush finally took his place at center stage, the fans hardly needed to listen to his words (as with the other Ol' Blue Eyes, the real thrill is just that he's up there in the flesh).

So what's the nature of the Bush thrill, what's the big bang enfolded so tantalizingly within the daunting public-relations-and-security machinery of the Yale Thousand Points of Light Show? For some years now, theater directors have been lamenting the deleterious effects of television dialogue on the quality of scripts showing up on their desks. But TV writers understand that their audiences pay attention to tone, not text. How many people actually remember anything Robert Young ever said in his two big television roles? Yet Young's face is embedded in the collective unconscious of the American audience as What a Trusted Dad Looks Like. And what more logical spinoff from the Robert Young *oeuvre* than *The George Bush Show*: If the tube hadn't given us *Father Knows Best* and *Marcus Welby, M.D.*, it's unlikely Americans would wait in line for Poppy's performances.

A considerably less trusted dad than George Bush just left the stage of the Yale Repertory Theatre: Phil Hogan in Eugene O'Neill's *A Moon for the Misbegotten*. Hogan, a manipulative and unpleasant Irish-born farmer transplanted to Connecticut, committed no crimes so grievous as to deserve the interpretation he got from actor Roy Cooper, who blew lines like bubbles and so totally lost track of what he was doing onstage one night that the performance had to be stopped entirely. An even worse offender was Frances McDormand, whose distracted, perfunctory performance as Phil's daughter,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Josie, made her sound like a slumming preppie.

How unfortunate that this production was the directorial swan song for Lloyd Richards, just departed from the Rep after twelve years as its artistic director. Perhaps the best thing Rep audiences can do with this forgettable production is to forget it, and remember instead Richards's intense, groundbreaking relationship both with the Rep and with the Yale School of Drama.

Athol Fugard loved the Rep because Lloyd was there, and at one point declared that he would use the Rep stage for the premieres of all his new plays. For years he did just that: *'Master Harold'... and the boys*, *A Lesson from Aloes*, *A Place With the Pigs* and *The Road to Mecca*, along with important revivals of *Boesman and Lena*, *Hello and Goodbye* and *The Blood Knot*.

Under Richards, the Rep brought the work of State Department–blacklisted Italian political comedian Dario Fo, and twice brought Fo himself, to New Haven—one of those times to perform with his wife, Franca Rame. Perhaps the two finest productions to appear on Broadway in the 1980s both originated at the Yale Rep: José Quintero's staging of O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night* and August Wilson's *Joe Turner's Come and Gone*, directed by Richards. These productions of what are arguably the twentieth century's two most important American plays were operatic in their emotional range and unyieldingly rooted in the dense, stony soil of ethnicity, at once the most obvious and the most aggressively eluded element of twentieth-century American life.

Back in 1959 Richards was the first African-American to direct a play on Broadway: *A Raisin in the Sun*, by a then-unknown playwright named Lorraine Hansberry. Several years ago I heard Lloyd speaking about the uncertainties that plagued him during the play's tryout run in Philadelphia, where response to this unusual new play was so lukewarm that the actors often played to half-empty houses. One day Lloyd saw a small black woman, a domestic worker carrying her work shoes in a bag, approaching the box office. He asked her courteously, "Why are you here?" She responded solemnly, "The word's going round in my neighborhood that there's something going on here that concerns me." Lloyd's work in the theater has striven to assure that that woman would always find a seat in his audience. □

EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 2*)

scale never before seen in that country. Perhaps death by cholera and starvation is not as "glamorous" as a cruise missile destroying a civilian air-raid shelter. However, the victims are equally as dead, and we must now, as then, accept much of the responsibility. To suggest that Iraqi citizens (including more than 7 million children) do not require our help is not only blind, it is disturbingly cruel. It is time now to dispense with the finger-pointing. We can no longer pretend "not to know" the scale of the calamity. We must focus on humanitarian need, relieve the suffering and mend the wounds. *Eric Hoskins, M.D.*

MUNK REPLIES

New York City

My article said that the bombing of Baghdad was a new and very frightening phenomenon, requiring changed analysis and tactics if dissenting Americans want to work successfully against future "techno-war." If Louise Cainkar agrees with this thesis, it's hard to believe that disputing several smallish issues makes her think the piece's effect would be "just the opposite" (presumably hurling readers back into peace activism's conventional wisdom). She doesn't question what I wrote about civilian casualties, damage to buildings, communications, food, the water supply or the medical situation—the major concerns—so perhaps we *were* in the same country, and her real argument is less with my observations than with their tone. Point by point:

§ To expect "enormous unreported destruction" wasn't so naïve. Everyone doubted the Pentagon pronouncements about "clean" war. Press coverage had been limited and heavily censored. Ahtisaari's March 20 U.N. report, published the day we left, said, "The recent conflict has wrought near-apocalyptic results. . . . Most means of modern life support have been destroyed or rendered tenuous. Iraq has, for some time to come, been relegated to a pre-industrial age." His conclusions were based on visits only to sites in and around Baghdad, with one field trip to Mosul. The February World Health Organization/UNICEF report said of Baghdad, "Normal life had come almost to a halt."

§ The allocation of resources at the Red Crescent hospital/hotel still seems odd. We saw burned children at other hospitals who couldn't be given the baths they needed because their wards were on a floor too high to get water; we had water, and there were other places we could have stayed.

§ As for Basra, "discouraged from" might be more precise than "not allowed"—but I must protest the reference to my "anger toward Iraqis." I felt interest, sorrow and sympathy when I talked to Iraqis in the hospitals and on the streets; I am outraged at the civilian deaths the United States caused and con-

SUBSCRIBER SERVICES

MOVING?

Send both your old mailing label and your new address to:

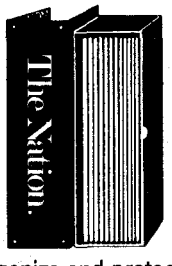
THE NATION
P.O. Box 10763
Des Moines IA 50340-0763

Please allow 4-6 weeks for processing.

PROBLEMS?

If you have any problems or questions regarding your subscription, please write to us at the address above, or call:

1 (800) 333-8536
Monday to Friday
7:00 am to 7:00 pm CST
Saturday
8:00 am to 4:00 pm CST



SAVE THE NATION

Organize and protect your back copies in Nation cases or binders, covered in red leatherette with a gold Nation logo. 1 case or 1 binder holds 6 months (1 volume) of *The Nation*.

Cases $7.95, 3 for $21.95, 6 for $39.95
Binders $9.95, 3 for $27.95, 6 for $52.95

Mail to: The Nation, Jesse Jones Industries, Dept. N, 499 E. Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134.

I would like _____ cases; _____ binders.

Enclosed is my check for $_____. Add $1 per unit postage/handling. Outside U.S. $2.50 per unit.

Major credit cards accepted for orders over $15. To charge call toll free 1 (800) 825-6690.

Name _____

Address _____
(NO P.O. BOXES PLEASE)

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

Payment in U.S. funds. PA residents add 6% sales tax.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinues to cause, at the thought of thousands of young conscripts massacred while retreating, at the suffering of Iraqi Shiites and Kurds because the United States encouraged and then betrayed their rebellions. This was clear in my article. My anger was at bureaucrats and cops. The government is not the people.

§ Taking a cab doesn't mean one's movements are not known.

§ Some of my co-travelers were caught in traffic jams, too; some weren't.

§ Yes, I should have said "most" or "many" of the main streets were lit by night.

§ Dr. Boghossian had, and I implied, no sinister motive; he just gave two estimates and I reported both for those who wanted exact figures, in part to remind them that statistical precision isn't always possible.

§ I still don't understand about the map—it was like coping in Eastern Europe in the old days. We weren't so unknown (the Fellowship of Reconciliation, one of our sponsoring groups, shipped fourteen tons of medicine to Iraq during the war), and indeed, the U.S. military already had good maps.

Cainkar's point about direct and indirect victims is quite right. In the article I also said, "Someone who dies of hunger or disease, however many months after a cease-fire, is just as war-dead as someone hit by a bomb." Maybe the distinction, when it's necessary, should be between immediate victims and later ones, instant violence and delayed violence.

I wish I knew Arabic and could have stayed to document the unfolding of the war's catastrophes, in that society where possessing information not just "was," as Cainkar says, but still is, the privilege of a few. Perhaps her underlying disagreement is that I say "is" where she says "was," and that I am critical of the Baathist regime. But the enemy of my enemy is not necessarily my friend, when that enemy is a repressive state.

I don't dispute Dr. Hoskins's assessment of what he saw. Nor does anything in my article. I never wrote that "conditions are near normal in postwar Iraq," but spoke only of Baghdad, as "not a normal place—scarcity, grief, hardship and apprehension marked it." I never implied that Iraqi civilians should not be helped or that bombing the Amiriya air-raid shelter was "glamorous," but emphasized the deadly long-term possibilities of infrastructure damage. How does all this undermine the work of the Gulf Peace Team? Surely it strengthens it.

My article did suggest that the selective bombing of Baghdad might reflect a desire to win the war while keeping a chastened Saddam Hussein in power (as well as avoiding international revulsion and domestic opposition). American policy vis-à-vis the Kurds seems to bear that out, as does the fact that this kind of damage hurts ordinary citizens the most, not the Iraqi rulers and their families, who will get the food and medicine they need. All the more reason to find techno-war hateful, and to mobilize against it, not against the messenger. *Erika Munk*

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to edit, reject or reclassify any advertisement, The Nation *wishes its readers to know we don't have the facilities to check the promises made by our advertisers, and we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

SUBLET AUGUST: Cloisters area. Beautiful, spacious 3-bedroom; 3 exposures, terrace, air conditioning, piano, indoor parking. Subway, bus. $950. (212) 927-2924.

APARTMENTS DESIRED

UNDERPAID, quiet and responsible interns seek low-rent apartment share, sublet or house-sitting arrangements anywhere in New York City starting right away. Call Peter Rothberg at *The Nation*, (212) 242-8400.

AUDIOCASSETTES

A CONVERSATION WITH I.F. STONE AT 80

Tapes of this unique Nation Institute/New School event are now available. Each 2-tape set is $20. Send check or money order payable to The Nation Institute to: "Stone Tapes," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

THE SUPREME COURT AND DAILY LIFE
WHO WILL THE COURT PROTECT IN THE 1990S?

The Nation Institute presents its historic conference of October 21, 1989, and examines the changing relationship of the Supreme Court to civil rights and personal liberties in light of recent Court decisions.

Reproductive and sexual freedom, race and gender discrimination, criminal defense rights, and a broad historical examination of the Supreme Court are some of the topics covered.

Speakers include DENISE CARTY-BENNIA, HAYWOOD BURNS, RHONDA COPELON, ARTHUR KINOY, WILLIAM KUNSTLER, TOM STODDARD, and others.

This 4-part radio series, produced in cooperation with The New School, the New York Council for the Humanities, and WBAI-FM, is available on 2 cassettes for $25 from The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

GORE VIDAL'S complete "State of the Union" speech, delivered June 30,1990, at *The Nation*'s 125th birthday bash in Berkeley, is now available on audio cassette. Nation Associates may purchase tapes for $10 each; the cost to all others is $15. Price includes postage and handling. Send your order to: The Nation Associates, Gore Vidal Tape, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

BED & BREAKFAST

LOS ANGELES near Hollywood. Garden setting. Close to tennis, golf. Children welcome. Pipey & Shank's. Reasonable. (213) 664-4425.

BOOKLETS

INCONTROVERTIBLE PROOF JESUS FICTIONAL! Josephus created fictional Jesus, Gospels. Scholarly booklet—$5, Abelard, Box 5652-A, Kent, WA 98064 (Details: SASE).

BOOKS

ANARCHIST COOKBOOK available again! $22, postpaid. Complete edition. Barricade Books, Box 1401-R, Secaucus, NJ 07096.

SPECIAL BOOK DISCOUNT
while supply lasts

FATE OF THE FOREST: DEVELOPERS, DESTROYERS AND DEFENDERS OF THE AMAZON, by Susanna Hecht and Alexander Cockburn. Retail: $24.95. Available to *Nation* subscribers for $20, and to Nation Associates for $16.

TRAVELS WITH ALICE, by Calvin Trillin. Retail: $18.95. *Nation* subscribers: $14; Nation Associates: $12.50.

Please add $2/book for shipping and handling. New York State residents add sales tax.

Send orders to: The Nation Associates, Book Offer, 72 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

BOOKSELLER: SPANISH AND LATIN-AMERICAN LITERATURE. Technical, scientific, children's literature. Used and rare books. Economical and quick delivery. We can publish your books in Mexico. Write: Apartado Postal 18923, Mexico 18, D.F. C.P. 11800. Fax: (525) 575-1145.

WANTED: USED & RARE BOOKS, pamphlets, etc., on labor, radicalism, black studies, sixties activism. Signed items desired. Single items and libraries sought. Catalogs issued. Southpaw Books, Box 155, Conway, MA 01341. (413) 369-4406.

BOOK SEARCH SERVICES

AWAITING YOUR BOOK WANTS. Lorraine Zimmerman, Bookseller at Large. P.O. Box 867, Silverado, CA 92676. Locally: (714) 649-2690; nationally: (800) 728-2073.

CAXTON BOOKSEARCH, Box 709, Sister Bay, WI 54234. Send phone/address with wants. (414) 854-2955.

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search. Sperling Books, Box 1766A, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159.

COMPUTERS

LONGTIME *NATION* EMPLOYEE, now computer consultant, is selling IBM-compatible computers and providing computer training and support to *Nation* readers in the New York City area. Special rates for nonprofit organizations and those on low incomes. Call Mark Rausher at Present Day Products (718) 934-2861.

COUNSELING

WOMAN PSYCHOTHERAPIST, 20+ years experience, Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Insight-oriented and analytic. Crisis intervention; short-term; long-term intensive psychoanalytic approach. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Carnegie Hall vicinity. (212) 582-5508.

C.P.W. Psychotherapy—free consultation. Compassionate, creative doctors. Individual, couple, group. Please call 9 to 11 am: (212) 724-8767.

MINORITY MALE PSYCHOTHERAPIST (MSW), Professor at NYU—experienced, sensitive, liberal, adjustable fees, midtown Manhattan (Kips Bay). (212) 685-4918.

AFFORDABLE PSYCHOTHERAPY. Caring, mature, experienced clinical psychotherapist. Short-term treatment where possible. Sliding scale. NYC: (212) 466-6775; Nassau: (516) 484-1249.

EDUCATION

SPANISH CLASSES, GUATEMALAN CULTURE. Nonprofit collective; speakers, fieldtrips. Proyecto, 210 East Hamilton, State College, PA 16801. (814) 234-1912.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATION

BUILD IN

Nicaragua

Share work and life with families in rural community

11 month program with solidarity work in construction project in Nicaragua. The program includes preparation and follow-up periods in the US.

Other programs in Africa and Asia.

Institute for Int'l Cooperation & Development (IICD)
IICD, P.O. Box 103-B, Williamstown, MA 01267. (413) 458-9828.

SPANISH IN GUANAJUATO. Cultural Center of Mexico. Instituto Falcon, Mora 158, Guanajuato, Gto 36000, Mexico.

SPANISH IN GUATEMALA. Individualized instruction, family living. Casa, Box 40148, Albuquerque, NM 87196; (505) 242-3194.

MEXICO: SPANISH, CULTURE, TOURS. Escuela Azteca: summer in Cuernavaca. Live with a Mexican family. Study with Professor Ross Gandy (*Marx and History, Mexican Revolution*). Spanish all levels, visual aids. Aztecs, Mayas, Juarez, Mexican Revolution. Tours of pyramids, revolutionary murals. $190 for each 2 weeks. For brochure, write or call: Escuela Azteca, Apdo. Postal 76-005, Mexico, D.F., C.P. 04201. (73) 15-24-69.

Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With AUDIO-FORUM's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign-language skills. We offer foreign-language mystery dramas, music, games, dialogues recorded in Paris and more. Call **1-800-225-5400** for FREE 36-p. catalog, or write: **AUDIO-FORUM®** Dept. 733, 96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437

Learn Spanish in a Solidarity Environment CETLALIC

In Mexico! Pablo Freire's methodology. Study Spanish & Latin American Culture. Experience community life and live with a Mexican family.

Write **CETLALIC,** AP 1-201, Cuernavaca, Morelos Mexico 62001, Phone: (73) 13-35-79

EVENTS

THE NEW YORK MARXIST SCHOOL

Summer Programs

July 8-11:
ERNEST MANDEL
Global Capitalism and the World Economy Today

July 12-20:
Thirteenth National Intensive Summer School in Marxist Theory and Practice

July 15-August 30:
Intensive Six-Week Beginning and Advanced Spanish Immersion

July 22-25:
MARIA HELENA ALVES
Social Movements, Left Politics and the Mediation of Power: The Experience of the Workers' Party in Brazil

For more information, please write or call: The New York Marxist School, 79 Leonard Street, New York, NY 10013; (212) 941-0332.

MERCHANDISE

GOVERNMENT SEIZED Vehicles from $100. Fords. Mercedes. Corvettes. Chevys. Surplus. Buyers Guide. (1) 805-962-8000 Ext. S-3596.

RUSSIAN TYPEWRITERS. $175. New Olympia-Unis. Also others. Jacob Sachs, 251 West 98th Street, New York, NY 10025. (212) 222-6683.

CERTIFIED ORGANIC Vermont-grown farm products. Storable crops, herbs, canned goods. Write: NEKO, RR1, Box 606, Hardwick, VT 05843.

RUSSIAN REPUBLIC, CROATIAN, all ancestral heritage flags available. 100% sewn seams and embroidered stars. Quality throughout. And the famous USA Rainbow Flag. Call/write for details: (800) 279-0835; Bloomquists', P.O. Box 541, Bristol, WI 53104.

NATION CASES AND BINDERS

Organize and protect your back issues of *The Nation*. Both cases and binders are covered in an attractive dark red leatherette with a gold *Nation* logo. 1 case or binder holds 6 months (1 volume).

Cases $7.95, 3 for $21.95, 6 for $39.95.
Binders $9.95, 3 for $27.95, 6 for $52.95.
Add $1 per unit for postage/handling.

Send order to: The Nation, Jesse Jones Industries, Dept N 499 E. Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134
Major credit cards accepted for orders over $15
To charge call 1-(800) 825-6690

Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

Foreign orders add $2.50/unit. Payment in U.S. currency. Pa. residents add 6% sales tax.

MISCELLANEOUS

COMPUGRAPHIC EDITWRITER 7500—*The Nation* magazine is updating its production department and is looking for a loving retirement home for its old but dependable equipment. Take it all—Compukwik processor, Kwikdry, spare parts and remaining supplies. Always under CGSMA. $2500. or best offer. Call Jane (212) 242-8400.

PERSONALS

PERSONALS ADVERTISERS

A Nation Box number and weekly forwarding service is available for a one-time $10 charge added to the cost of your classified ad.

CONCERNED SINGLES NEWSLETTER

links compatible singles who care about peace, social justice, and the environment
National and international membership.
All ages. Since 1984. Free sample:
Box 555-A, Stockbridge, MA 01262.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE®. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. 1-800-233-CMLS. Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured singles acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write: SBL, Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039, or call: (215) 358-5049.

INTELLIGENT OPTIONS for singles who eschew hyperbole. International membership. All ages. For sample newsletter write: Intelligent Options, P.O. Box 4456, Kingston, NY 12401.

PERSONALS

MANHATTAN GWJF, exhibiting artist, 40s, financially secure, pretty, athletic, slim, hardworking, nonreligious, non-television person, seeks very bright, pretty, gentle GWF into physical fitness (exercise)—to share arts, travel and commitment. Nation Box 741.

VOLUPTUOUS, VOLUMINOUS, vivacious vamp, 40, seeks a lithe, loving Lothario to play, pleasure and promise. You produce, I'll direct! Nation Box 767.

ATTRACTIVE SWM, 31, uninspired by patriots. Loves film, nature, socialists. Seeks friendship, maybe more, with woman in north Delaware area. Nation Box 771.

TALL SLIM WRITER, 51. Pretty, smart and kind. Likes cats/Mets, Laurel/Hardy, Ben/Jerry; Puccini to Patsy Kline. Seeks nice man with leftish politics; zany streak. Photo plus. Nation Box 773.

GOOD WOMAN, 46, looking for good man who loves hiking, cycling, movies, theatre, laughter, holding hands. Nation Box 774.

SWF, WRITER, 32, attractive, slim, blonde, good sense of humor, psychotherapy veteran. Looking for sensitive, creative, attractive, relationship-minded NYC man. Nation Box 775.

SWM LEFTIST, BORDER-AREA CANADIAN, self-employed, allegedly attractive, late 40s, in U.S. often, bewildered by American psyche. Can't figure you people out. Disillusioned, still in shock over gulf slaughter, but retain sense of humor. Sincere, nonaggressive/exploitative, good listener, supportive. Interests: politics/social issues, children, books, theatre, walks, film, travel. Seek warm, gentle female in NYC-NE area, any age, marital or racial status, for correspondence, companionship and who knows? Single mothers encouraged to reply. Nation Box 776.

SIXTY, SEXY, SILVER-HAIRED. Child of the '60s struggling with realities of the '90s seeking male counterpart 55 plus. (212) 663-5964.

YOUTHFUL SENIOR, 69, slender, concerned, energetic activist. Former dancer, currently healthcare professional. Interests: politics, sciences, arts. Seeks secure, stable, creative man—similar interests. Nation Box 777.

INTELLIGENT, PASSIONATE, activist, SWM, early 30s, seeks socially concerned female interested in serious conversation and relationship, international issues, who might be able to teach me a few things about cooking, dancing and other activities. NYC metro. Nation Box 778.

If responding to a Nation Box number send replies to: Nation Box _____, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

COMMUNITY JOBS, socially responsible jobs and internships. Subscribe to the only nationwide newspaper listing, covering lobbying, organizing, environment, disarmament and more. $20/6 issues. COMMUNITY JOBS, Box NAT, 1601 Connecticut Avenue,NW, #600, Washington, DC 20009.

WORK IN NICARAGUA

APSNICA is seeking volunteers in all fields, skilled and unskilled to work in Nicaragua. Architects, building tradespeople, computer personnel, engineers, mechanics, medical personnel, English teachers, planners and others are encouraged to contact us. Call: 213-455-1340; write: APSNICA P.O. Box 1151, Topanga, CA 90290.

GOVERNMENT JOBS $16,040-$59,230/yr. Now hiring. Call (1) 805-962-8000, Ext. R-3596 for current federal list.

HOME TYPISTS, PC users needed. $35,000 potential. Details. Call (1) 805-962-8000, Ext. B-3596.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

PUBLICATIONS

SAFERWORLD, a British common security public policy group based in Bristol seeks: Head of Public Affairs. SAFERWORLD promotes safer and cheaper defense policies and a redirection of military resources toward environmental and developmental needs. Our first Head of Public Affairs will develop and implement new ways of mobilizing nonactivist and middle-ground public opinion on major threats to global security, starting with a campaign on arms trade legislation. Salary: $26,000-$31,000, negotiable for exceptional candidates. If you are able to move to Britain by October at the latest, please fax letter of inquiry and résumé to: 44-272-253-305 by June 10. We regret only short-listed candidates will be contacted. Travel expenses not payable. Interview date: July 8-9.

HELP RAISE MONEY FOR YOUR FAVORITE CHARITY.

PT/FT working from home. Big commissions paid. -$$$- For free information write to: Philip Truskowski, P.O. Box 36, Lake Bluff, IL 60044-0036.

POSITIONS DESIRED

INTELLIGENT, ARTICULATE FORMER *NATION* INTERNS skilled in research, fact-checking, editing and writing looking for meaningful employment in New York, Washington and elsewhere. Available starting immediately. Call Peter Meyer at (212) 242-8400.

MOTIVATED JOB-SEEKER FROM SOWETO, R.S.A. Educated: business, economic development. Experience: writing, computers, sales, nonprofits, organizing. Call: (212) 766-2913.

PUBLICATIONS

TECHNOCRACY—TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for $3 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

5-DIMENSIONAL TIME BANK ENERGY, Monadically Gravitized, abolishes need for energy-abuse wars. Freedom from bond-slavery. Enclose SASE. Perfect Knowledge, 1500 N. Texas, Weslaco, TX 78596.

PUBLICATIONS

THE PEOPLE. Marxist biweekly. Since 1891. 4 months/$1. 1 year/$4. The People (N), PO Box 50218, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

LEFT BUSINESS OBSERVER — a monthly newsletter on economics and politics worldwide. "A salutary antidote to the economic mush in mainstream periodicals." — Alexander Cockburn. One year $20. Left Business Observer (Dept. N), 250 West 85th Street, New York, NY 10024.

GOVERNMENT MONEY SCAM defrauds you. How. Solution. $1 + SASE: Colonel Howle, P.O. Box 31053/#161, Laguna Hills, CA 92653.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS REVIEW. Alternative source of news. Monthly summary of world events. For busy people. Trial subscription: $18/year. Free sample. IPR, P.O. Box 6455, Alexandria, VA 22306.

A NEWSLETTER FOR FULL-TIME FATHERS is seeking short articles about the experience of men in the primary caregiver's role. Free subscriptions to contributors. *Dad at Home*, 950 Fernwood Ave., Plainfield, NJ 07062.

BACK CHANNELS. Informative quarterly publication of covert activity, conspiracies and assassinations. $9 per year. Kross Publications (N), P.O. Box 9, Franklin Park, NJ 00823-0009.

OPINIONS WANTED—New magazine seeks opinions on any subject. For information and free copy write: *Opinion Magazine*, Box 308, 304 Newbury St., Boston, MA 02115.

CUBA AT YOUR DOORSTEP. Latest in Cuban books, magazines and videos now available through direct importer and sent by U.S. mail. Write: Publications Exchange, 8306 Mills Drive, #241N, Miami, FL 33183, for catalog—$1, refundable with first order; or call: (305) 387-0853.

HOW 400 BOMBS CAN SLAY HUMANKIND! SASE: N.O.N.E., 316 Bridger, #344, Las Vegas, NV 89101.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES from $1 (U repair). Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Your area (1) 805-962-8000 Ext. GH-3596 for current repo list.

SERVICES

IMMIGRATION LAWYER. Experienced, honest, resourceful. Nationwide practice. All immigration matters. Call Allen Ladd: (404) 998-4322.

TRAVEL

STUDY/WORK/LIVE/OVERSEAS! Plan your next overseas adventure with *Transitions Abroad*, Box 344-56325, Amherst, MA 01004. Sample copy available: $3.50.

EUROPE—$160! from East Coast, $269! from West Coast. Hitch a ride on a commercial jet! Confirmed seats from all locations at higher rates. AIRHITCH®, (212) 864-2000.

T-SHIRTS

END FASHION FRUSTRATION BY WEARING THE NATION!

Celebrate *The Nation*'s 125th anniversary this year with our special edition T-shirt. These high-quality white shirts are printed in red and blue with our 125th logo on the front and our subscription card on the back. They are all cotton and are only $11.95 each, postpaid. Or, for an even better deal, get 3 or more shirts for $9.95 each. Mail check or money order in U.S. currency to: The Nation, T-shirts, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (New York residents add sales tax. Foreign orders add 33%.)

WILDLIFE T-SHIRTS

© 85 Jim Morris

Support wildlife by wearing environmental t-shirts. (10% of profits go to environmental groups.) Many designs. $9.95 each. Heavyweight 100% cotton t-shirts in S, M, L, XL, in white, blue, silver, yellow. Sweats also, $21.45 each. **FREE CATALOG.**

JIM MORRIS PO BOX 831 DEPT WA Boulder, CO 80306 (303-444-6430)

Satisfaction guaranteed. Share the Earth!

100% COTTON
CHE T SHIRT
RED OR WHITE ONE LARGE SIZE
SEND $12.50 U.S. TO:
WIMPY WEAR
62 BOYLSTON ST BOX 512A
BOSTON MA 02116

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates STANDARD $1.50/word, 15-word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words each, abbreviations and zip codes as one. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY 1-inch minimum; camera-ready $60/column inch; not camera-ready $60/column inch plus a one-time setting charge of $15/inch. FREQUENCY DISCOUNTS For consecutive runs only; 4 ads for the price of 3; 10 for the price of 7; 25 for the price of 15. PERSONALS For individuals 2 ads for the price of 1, 4 for the price of 2, etc.; no other discounts apply; *Nation* box number/weekly forwarding service one-time charge of $10; for commercial advertisers standard rates apply.

Deadline Wednesday, 4 PM, 26 days prior to Monday issue date.

To THE NATION
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for _____ week(s), plus _____ week(s) free.

Be sure to include payment for *Nation* box number/forwarding service or classified display setting charge, if applicable.

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

Payment in U.S. currency must accompany order.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T-SHIRTS

VEEP GOT YOU DOWN?

All-cotton two-color T-SHIRT says it subtly. Splendid, slightly unbalanced QUAIL in black with international NO symbol in red. $12.50 postpaid. Sizes S,M,L,XL Morbius Laboratories, Box 82 Sloatsburg, N.Y. 10974

Also Available - Deck of PLAYING CARDS with same 2-color design on back- Only $10 postpaid.

[N.Y. residents add sales tax]

©1991 MORBIUS LABORATORIES

VACATION RENTALS

SAN MIGUEL DE ALLENDE, MEXICO: Magnificent 2-story 5000 sq.ft. home, unsurpassed views, heated pool, lush gardens, full-time cook-housekeeper, gardener. Available from September 1. $2000/month. (213) 453-3325.

VIDEOCASSETTES

DEUTSCHEMARKS ÜBER ALLES!
The failure of East Germany's "Silent" Revolution

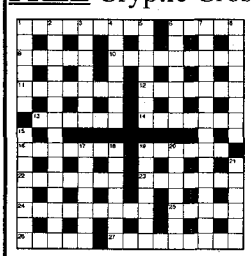
New one-hour documentary on the collapse of East Germany and its absorption by the West, through the eyes of young East German activists and older anti-Nazi Resistance veterans. VHS tape—$29.95

Mission Creek Video / 2690 20th Street San Francisco, CA 94110 / 415-695-0931

DRAWING THE LINE AT PITTSTON—1-hour documentary on UMWA strike. $29.95 for VHS. "Nation Offer," Paper Tiger TV, 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012.

X-WORD PUZZLES

FREE Cryptic Crossword Catalog!



American cryptics and our exclusive British imports. Write: Crosswords, PO Box 69H, Massapequa Park, NY 11762. Or call:

(1) 800-729-1999

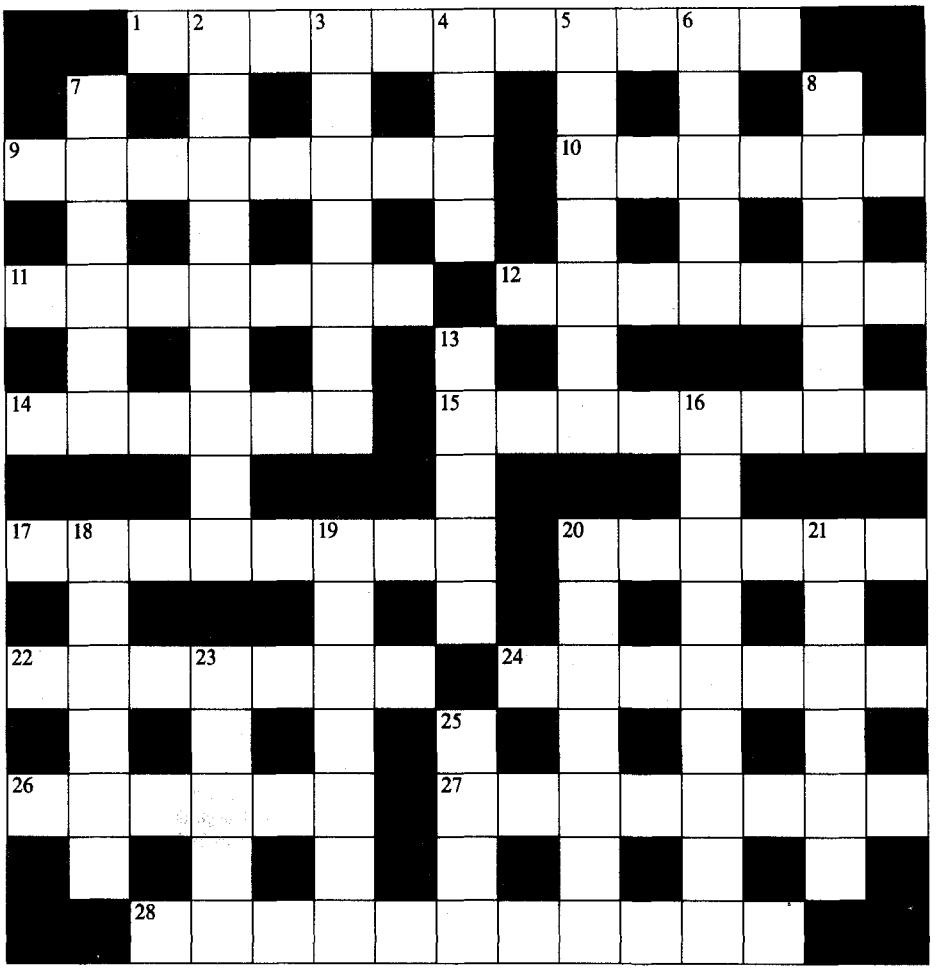
ADVERTISE IN THE NATION

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2342

C	R	O	S	S	R	O	A	D	S	■	S	E	A	T
A	■	D	■	Q	■	U	■	O	■	B	■	Q	■	A
R	E	D	O	U	B	T	■	S	H	O	G	U	N	S
E	■	M	■	A	■	W	■	A	■	S	■	A	■	K
T	H	E	G	R	E	A	T	G	A	T	S	B	Y	■
A	■	N	■	E	■	R	■	E	■	O	■	L	■	H
K	A	T	M	A	N	D	U	■	S	N	E	E	Z	E
E	■	■	■	C	■	■	■	■	■	T	■	■	■	A
R	E	D	A	C	T	■	F	I	R	E	B	A	L	L
S	■	R	■	O	■	R	■	N	■	A	■	D	■	T
■	F	I	G	U	R	E	O	F	S	P	E	E	C	H
B	■	V	■	N	■	S	■	I	■	A	■	L	■	I
A	S	E	P	T	I	C	■	D	O	R	M	I	C	E
C	■	R	■	S	■	U	■	E	■	T	■	N	■	S
K	I	S	S	■	D	E	P	L	O	Y	M	E	N	T

Crossword Puzzle No. 2343

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 20 down
9 Possibly edit the first half, and in return make reference to the last half, in relation to what you eat. (8)
10 On the day of victory I was in charge of the troops under wraps. (6)
11 Relatively thick, in comparison with closeness, they have taking ways. (7)
12 You can see what some call irises around on certain cups. (7)
14 Someone foolish is about to talk of what someone does with the miner's gold. (6)
15 In part, William put a team effort in to cut off a limb. (8)
17 See 20 down
20 Monkey with this and you'll have something to span, according to the British. (6)
22 Lays siege to the town, and puts some money into business there? (7)
24 But you don't have to take a body out of the church to make the message clear! (7)
26 Contract, perhaps, to make a crossover. (No point to be rid of the electronics company!) (6)
27 Sounds like your uncle's wife must show a lot of affection, which might be useful after too much of the wrong thing. (8)
28 Improved around the spring, but dirtied in the process. (11)

DOWN

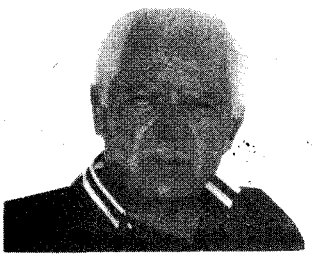
2 Where one is told to keep ones eyes performing excellently. (2,3,4)
3 The old-fashioned light burns at the edge of city sidewalks. (7)
4 A little money made by Rogers in the old films? (4)
5 Not exactly even cut-off to act as a wrap-around. (7)
6 and 7 In the movies, such shiners are common, but the gig kills the making of them. (5,6)
8 Singular comic character? (What a farmer Jimmy was!) (6)
13 Possibly small for shopping! (5)
16 See 20 down
18 Don't pay attention to what the sign or exit light shows! (6)
19 The city might be part new, but mainly old. (6)
20,1 across, 16 down and 17 across Time for a cracked limb with a rocker that has what a dying person should have made before autumn. (4,3,5,6,3,6,4,4)
21 What might go to your head with a broken toe, according to the breakfast writer. (6)
23 Mr. Cantor sounds like one that might do a lot of twirling. (5)
25 Certainly not the whole roll, by the sound of it! (4)

PUZZLE BOOK

Book 6 of "*The Nation*'s Best Puzzles" is available for $6.95. Send your check or money order to: E.S. Lewis, 125 Quaker Lane, Rochester, MA 02770.

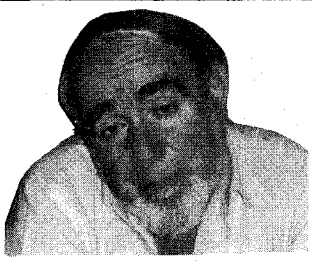
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time To Get Serious With ISRAEL



"For Israel to change its policy it must be coerced... It is our duty to call upon the U.S. to stop giving money to Israel... Public pressure is the only way left... We've come to the point that unless we advocate very radical steps we are giving up the struggle."

General (Res.) Matti Peled
Israeli Army General Staff, 1967 War



"Israeli Jews like myself join with JCOME to urge -- and I'm delighted that such a committee exists in the U.S. -- a suspension of American aid to Israel until such time as Israel agrees to cease the occupation and start negotiations with the aim of a sovereign and independent Palestinian state."

Natan Zach
Israel's most renowned poet

A few years ago sanctions finally were applied against South Africa. Today Nelson Mandela is free, Apartheid is being ended, and the South African Government is negotiating with the African National Congress (ANC). Why not sanctions today against Israel? And why not a future of direct Israeli-PLO negotiations, an end to the occupation, serious regional arms control with economic development programs, and secure independence for both Israel and a Palestinian State?

Isn't it time for a truly new American foreign policy in the Middle East -- a foreign policy based on honestly promoting human rights, self-determination and democracy for ***all*** the peoples of the region, rather than the self-serving and hypocritical policies of today?

Isn't it time America became honest with itself, fair with both the Palestinians and the Israelis, and consistent with its stated principles?

And isn't it time you too spoke up for a real new world order and for the U.S. putting real political and financial muscle into an Israeli-Palestinian peace?

150,000+ shot to death!
15 million+ severely injured!
250,000+ homes blown up!

Comparing the Palestinian population in the occupied territories to the U.S. population, this is the number of casualties Americans would have suffered in just the past 3 years.

WE NEED YOU FOR PEACE!

CALL 24-hours daily

202 362 - 5266

(202) 362-JCOME

New Weekly "Reality" Update

WHAT IS JCOME?

JCOME is an independent association of American Jews and supporters throughout the country, including Jewish professors at over 145 universities, who believe:

- The U.S. should consistently oppose occupation and champion human rights & self-determination throughout the Middle East.
- The U.S. should recognize both Israel's and the Palestinians' rights to Statehood and national security.
- The U.S. should insist that Israel cease all illegal settlements, shootings, house arrests and demolitions, deportations, "administrative detentions", extended curfews and collective punishments in the occupied territories; and agree to direct negotiations with the PLO.
- The U.S. should considerably reduce, or totally suspend, the $3.5-billion annual subsidy to Israel until Israel agrees to end the occupation in accord with Security Council resolutions.
- The U.S. should no longer allow American Mid East policies to be manipulated by political and financial pressures orchestrated by the Israeli lobby in Washington or by repressive Arab monarchies and dictatorships in the region.

JCOME Advisory Committee:

Dr. Yigal Arens - Univ. Southern California, L.A.
Prof. Michael Astour - Historical Studies, Univ. Southern Ill.
Prof. Joel Beinin - Middle East History, Stanford Univ.
Mark Bruzonsky - Former Washington Rep., World Jewish Congress
Prof. Noam Chomsky - Dept. of Linguistics, M.I.T.
Prof. Richard Falk - Princeton Univ.
Prof. Herbert Hill - Univ. of Wisconsin
Jeremy Levin - Former CNN Beirut Bureau Chief
Prof. Zachary Lockman - Middle East History, Harvard Univ.
Prof. Seymour Melman - Columbia Univ.
Dr. Eileen Newmark - Ph.D., Intercultural Communications
Prof. Don Peretz - Middle East Studies; SUNY, Binghamton
Henry Schwarzschild - New York
Prof. J. David Singer - Univ. of Michigan, Ann Arbor
Richard Walden - Attorney, L.A.

Jewish Committee On The Middle East
P.O. Box 18367; Washington, D.C. 20036
(202) 362-5266 Fax (202) 362-6965

Whatever your background... PLEASE JOIN US NOW!

Please help! *Your support and contributions are vitally needed if JCOME is to be effective in bringing these issues to the attention of the public, the press, and the Congress. All contributors will be added to our mailing list for regular information and updates about JCOME ads and positions.*

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

Home Phone: _____ Office Phone: _____

Affiliation *(if any)*: _____

Contribution: $____ $100____ $50____ $25____ Student $____

Send to:
JCOME
P.O. Box 18367
Washington, DC 20036

This advertisement has also recently been published in The NATION, IN THESE TIMES, L.A.WEEKLY, The PROGRESSIVE, and THE CITY PAPER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED